THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 732 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1889. $2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 28

ACROSTIC.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

THE paper of papers—far the best!
How I have missed it with vague unrest,
Ever with fear of its loss oppressed.

SATURDAY'S mail oft treacherous proves
And keeps me on tenterhooks of suspense,
That only its coming o'er removes.
Until I bathe in its sea of sense,
Revealed in its stores of wisdom and wit,
Daylight seems gloomy without recompense.
And full of phantoms that will not flit;
Youth bands with age to drive them hence.

EVENING, with lamplight, was cheerful no more:
Vague spectres of sickness, sorrow and death,
Ever and ever have haunted me sore;
Ne'er could I 'scape from their cold icy breath;
In vain I bade them begone from my door;
Naught but THE POST e'er banished them quite.
Grimly they vanished in its cheering light.

POST-mortems I held on cadavers left
On my threshold, by grim, ghastly ghosts;
Spectres beheaded, of venom bereft,
Thro' the saintly aroma of SATURDAY POSTS.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID."

"MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

FOREIGNERS are generally considered by Englishmen as late risers, or, in other words, "lie abeds," but if there is any truth in this sweeping condemnation of our continental neighbors, then Signor Ricardo was, for once, a brilliant exception to the rule.

For on the morning after his arrival he was up earlier than the earliest housemaid at the Revels. Perhaps it was the beauty of the morning, the freshness of the air, the singing of the birds that tempted Signor Ricardo from his virtuous couch, though he showed no great eagerness to go out of doors; indeed, his proceedings were rather strange for a visitor.

In a loose and somewhat rusty black velvet jacket, and wearing a pair of thick felt slippers, the signor stole softly down the great stairs, with their carved and time-stained oaken rails and finials, and, stopping to examine the old pictures on the wall, descended to the hall. Here he carefully examined the locks of each of the doors, then leisurely surveyed the suits of armor and cases of antique weapons.

He turned into the dining-room next, and surveying the great carved sideboards, uttered a grunt of dissatisfaction.

"Where is all that solid and genuine and massive plate, those silver candlesticks and silver dishes, and centre-pieces, I wonder?" he muttered. "That pig of a butler has locked them up somewhere, I expect, safe under lock and key. Humph! If some friends of mine knew this house and all that it contains, I think my good friend Knighton would lose some of his pretty silver things."

Having made a careful mental inventory of the contents of the dining-room, this interesting visitor, still in search of knowledge, turned into the hall again and tried the library door.

He found this locked, but after searching in his pockets for a minute, he produced a skeleton key, and, after a little manipulation, turned the lock.

"One should never forget to carry a few useful tools," he muttered softly, as he looked round. "Books, books, books! Bah! 'My only books are woman's looks, and love is all they teach me!' Who cares for books?"

As he spoke he opened the door of one of a series of cupboards, and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction, for inside the cupboard was a small safe. The signor examined this with more care than he had bestowed upon anything else, and apparently his examination was satisfactory, for he nodded once or twice, and smiled sweetly.

"It is old—fifty, a hundred years, perhaps; and to open the lock is—bah!—child's play. But not this morning! No; there is plenty of time, Baptiste! But I would like to know what is in there," he mused with his head on one side, his white teeth gleaming at the safe as if they, as well as his eyes, were trying to penetrate its iron case. "I would like to know!—well, well; all in good time! And now I think we will go and see the dew upon the flowers, and get an appetite for breakfast. Breakfast is the honest man's best meal; and Baptiste, my friend, if you are not honest, who is?"

With this moral self-encouragement, the signor, having carefully re-locked the library door after him, passed out into the garden. Here, having reached an angle well out of the view of the principal windows, he surveyed the house critically.

"Peste, but it is magnificent!" he murmured, his eyes roving covetously over the pile of grey stone, with its terraces and colonnades; "it is truly magnificent! Godfrey Knighton, my friend, you must be rich—very rich; and, doubtless, all this land for miles round belongs to you. Yes, you are a great man, rolling in money, in good English sovereigns—whilst poor Baptiste has scarcely a franc. Bah! and they say that there is justice in this world! Phew! what a place it is! It is like a palace, with its plate, and its rich furniture, and its army of servants. And, doubtless, all to come to this young girl, this Miss Iris. Humph!"

There was a seat near where he was standing, on the edge of the velvety lawn, and Signor Ricardo stretched himself upon it, rolled up a cigarette, and lay looking at the morning sun, and smoking, and still letting his black covetous eyes roam over the Revels.

Presently he heard a step behind him, and looking round saw Felice.

Her face was colorless, her eyes hidden under their lids; and when the signor raised his hat and kissed his hand towards her with an elaborate affectation of respect, she made no sign, and her face remained still and expressionless as a marble mask.

"Ah, Felice!" murmured the signor softly, but with a half-concealed sneer beneath the smile upon his lips, and his teeth gleaming at her as if mockingly. "Like me, then, you are an early riser! Like me, then, you love to see the flowers with the dew on them! And how is my dear Felice?"

She stood and regarded him in silence for a moment, then she said, slowly and coldly:

"You have come, then?"

The signor stretched out his white hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"It appears like it, does it not? Yes, my dear Felice, here I am. Myself, Baptiste Ricardo, in all my glory! "Oh, certainly, yes, as you say, I am come!" and he smiled again.

"Why have you come?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"Bah! you remind me of my good friend Knighton—your master, eh?"

"My master," she assented.

"He did want to know last night why I had come. As if a man could not pay a visit to his friends without causing so much surprise! I have come because I wanted a change—because I wanted to see England—because, equally of course, I wanted to see you, my dear Felice!"

"You have come for no good, I know that," she said slowly, dully.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You know nothing, my little Felice," he retorted, puffing at his cigarette and regarding her evilly under the brim of his hat. "Did you get up so early to tell me that? If so, I ask you—was it worth while?"

"No," she assented. "Your presence has never crossed any threshold without bringing pain and shame. You have come to bring sorrow and trouble here, but——"

She paused, her hands clasped spasmodically, and a single flash from her eyes, as black as his, darted out towards him.

"Phew!" he murmured softly. "You deal in tragedies, my dear Felice! Why should I bring sorrow here, to this beautiful, this lordly place, to my friend Godfrey Knighton, and his most lovely and charming daughter——"

"Do not breathe her name!" said Felice, with sudden, half-suppressed passion.

"And why not?" he retorted. "Bah! she and I are good friends already. We will be greater. She is an—angel! An angel! Her voice is superb! She will be a queen, an empress! I offer her my devotion, my adoration!"

All the while he was speaking he kept his eyes fixed on the cold, set face above him with the same mocking smile, and at the end of his declamation laughed softly.

The woman stood silent for a moment, then she said in a low voice:

"Baptiste, there is only one thing for which you came—money. You shall have it. I am not rich but I have saved, I have good wages, you shall have my savings, take them and go!"

He laughed as if with intense enjoyment.

"My dear Felice, you are simply magnificent. You offer me your savings—is it not so?—to go. Tush, child! do you think if it were for money I came, they would satisfy? No! But enough: you do me an injustice, my Felice. I simply wish to enjoy for awhile the hospitality of my good friend Knighton; to bask in the sunshine of his prosperity; to enjoy this beautiful place, and its—what do you call it?—its surroundings for a time I say. When I am tired, and, my Felice, I soon tire—I will go, but not before, not before, most certainly."

The woman's hands closed again.

"You may be made to go," she said, in a low voice.

He threw his head back and looked at her with an insolent stare

"So? and by whom? Not by my friend Knighton; not by you, my little Felice."

"Yes, by me!" she said between her teeth. "I know you, I will tell all I know——"

"Tut, tut!" he broke in laughing; "my dear child, look around you! what do you see? a magnificent house, truly ancestral. It is the property of Godfrey Knighton, a great English gentlemen, and it all comes ultimately—all this house, these lands, and the good gold and silver—to his daughter. And she is one of the great ladies of the land. He is proud, she is proud. They hold their heads as high—bah!—as high as princes, and yet with a word, one little word from Baptiste here, your humble servant and old friend whom you threaten—oh, shame, Felice!—with one word this insignificant Baptiste could bring that proud girl's face to the dust! And you would compel me to do this, Felice? you who know I love her so truly. You would force me to say to the world—'this great young lady, the beautiful daughter of Godfrey Knighton is——"

With a spring the woman was upon him and her hand upon her lips.

He seized it. Kissed it with mock gallantry, and flinging it aside, laughed long and softly.

"Bah, my little child; you see, do you not, that I have all the game in my own hands? You do? You don't speak? Good! Now, please to remember that I am master here"—he leaned forward and grinned at her threateningly—"and that while I please I stay, when I please I go. And for the rest—— Good-morning, Felice! My eyes are good and I can see the face of our beautiful Miss Iris looking at us from the window. Good-morning, Felice! If anyone asks you why you went into the garden to talk with Signor Ricardo, you can say that you were naturally anxious to chat with a fellow countryman; and so—good-morning!" and he raised his hat again.

The woman stood regarding him a second, then, with bowed head, went away without another word, and the signor rolled himself another cigarette and smoked it in triumph.

When Iris came down into the breakfast-room, she found her father standing by the window looking out at the reclining figure of the signor, and as she went up and gave him his morning kiss, she saw that he was looking pale and worn.

"Aren't you well this morning, father?" she asked gently.

"Yes, yes," he said. "But I have had a bad night; it is nothing."

He paused for a moment, then said suddenly:

"I think you would be all the better for a change, Iris!"

"I?" she exclaimed. "Why, I am perfectly well!"

"All the same, I think you should have a change," he said, in his quiet, determined fashion. "Write to the Deverells and ask them to have you for a little while!"

"And leave you to entertain Signor Ricardo?" said Iris.

Godfrey Knighton's brow contracted.

"It is because he is here——"

Then he stopped, and went on again after hesitating:

"Iris, you have of course noticed that Signor Ricardo's visit is not—not altogether welcome to me; you have noticed that with all his fine manners, he is hardly what we call a gentleman!"

Iris faintly murmured an assent,

"I have known him some time; there are reasons why I cannot decline to receive him; he will not stay long, but while he is here I think I should prefer that you should be away."

"Very well, father," she said; "I will write to the Deverells; I daresay they will have me."

"Yes," he said, with a smile; "I daresay they will! You need not tell them the reason."

At this moment the signor entered.

"Ah, my dear Knighton! Good-morning to you, Miss Iris! I hope your rest has restored you? This excellent morning, is it not beautiful? And they say you have no sunshine in England! Knighton, my dearest friend, I have been strolling in your garden—in your grounds! They are superb! They fill me with a charm! Miss Iris, I can now understand how so beautiful a flower should grow: it is the soil; it is the fresh air; it is the beauty of the country!"

"Signor Ricardo has all the flattery of his race at his tongue's tip, Iris," said Godfrey Knighton grimly.

"Flattery!" exclaimed the signor, as they sat down to breakfast, and, while he carefully tucked his napkin under his chin, surveyed the sundry dishes and hothouse fruits with greedy, anticipating glances. "There is no such word as flattery in con-

nection with Miss Iris! It is all too pale and—what do you call it?—insipid. I give you my word that I have been haunted all night by her voice, the voice that reminds me of her sweet, her exquisite mother."

"Try those patties," said Godfrey Knighton. "Give the signor some, Iris."

The signor took some of the proffered dish, and sailed off again.

When he was not launching out in praise of the Revels and Iris he could be entertaining enough, and Iris, though her dislike to the man grew each minute, could not help admitting that he was a most amusing companion.

With the exception of England he seemed to have been all over Europe, and anecdote after anecdote flowed from his lips; but though he smiled occasionally, Godfrey Knighton sat stern, and grim, and silent, apparently not listening to the flood of talk that poured from the garrulous Italian.

When breakfast was over Iris got up and went to her own room, the signor opening the door for her, and bowing low. Then Godfrey Knighton looked up, and spoke for the first time.

"Have you thought over what I said last night Ricardo?" he said sternly. "Will you name your price, take your money and —go?"

"Tut, tut!" said the signor. "Once for all, my dear Knighton, I don't mean going yet! You pain, you shock me, by your inhospitality! Peste! why I have only been here a few hours! And you would drive me from your door like a—dog!"

"I would!" admitted the squire grimly.

The signor showed his teeth in a smile.

"But there are some obstinate dogs who will not be driven, and I am one of them, Knighton! Now come," and he laid his white hand on the squire's arm, which was withdrawn instantly; "make your mind at rest! Though I am here, I am not going to be a—what you call it?—a nuisance! Saints and angels, no! Baptiste Ricardo is a gentleman, a man of honor! What are you afraid of, my friend? Tut! deal fairly with me, and I will deal fairly with you! And now that is settled," he went on with a wave of his hands, as if he had disposed of the subject in the most satisfactory manner. "And now you ask me, naturally, what I am going to do with myself this fine, this glorious morning! Well, I will tell you. I will borrow one of your admirable horses, and I will take a little ride out into the surrounding vicinity: I want to see more of your charming country. You shall lend me a quiet steed—oh, I know you will do that! You would not risk your dear friend's neck with a vicious animal, no, no!" and he grinned; "and I will just go on my travels, returning in time for your dinner. How does that suit my dear friend?"

"If you will not go altogether," replied Godfrey Knighton grimly; "all I ask of you is to let me see as little of you as possible!"

"Good—my noblest but not too amiable friend!" retorted the signor; "and now, have you a few loose gold coins jingling in in your pocket? I have, alas, nothing but a thousand pound note on the Bank of Italy, and I fear I sha'n't be able to get it changed," and with a grin he followed the squire into the library.

Godfrey Knighton gave him twenty pounds in gold; he would have given a larger sum to have got rid of him altogether; and the signor went down to the stables, creating considerable astonishment amongst the grooms by demanding an "amiable" horse.

"Think we'd better get him one from the laundry, what we hang the clothes on," grumbled the old coachman, eyeing the signor's rusty velvet coat and general foreign get-up with profound and truly British disgust.

But the signor rather astonished them by getting in the saddle in proper fashion, and riding through the yard, not only without tumbling off, but as if he had been in stirrups several times before.

In the very best of humors, and twenty sovereigns clinking in his pocket, the signor rode along, cheerfully humming a drinking song, and smoking a cigarette.

As all the roads were alike to him he kept to the high one, and as the steed was not only "amiable," but a good goer, before very long the signor found himself in a quaint, old town beside the sea.

Having inquired the name, and learned that it was Glossop, which the signor pronounced several times in a tone of amazement at the hideousness of English names, he made his way to the inn—the "Mariner and Compass" —and having consigned his "amiable" steed to an ostler, went inside the house and inquired for luncheon.

His appearance did not create any surprise here, because they were used to foreigners at Glossop, and the landlord showed him a room on the first floor, and informed him that he could have a chop or a steak.

"A ch-o-p! What is that?" said the signor. "Ah, well! let me have him for I am hungry; and also a bottle of red wine with him."

"Port?" asked the landlord.

"No; claret!" said the signor; whereupon the landlord, who didn't keep claret in his cellar, sent around to the grocer's for a bottle, which, a little later on, caused the signor much amazement and disgust.

But while the luncheon was getting ready the signor, rolling up another cigarette, went to the window, and, seeing a balcony outside, stepped out.

He was rather surprised to see a gentleman leaning over the rail, for he had thought himself the only visitor at the inn, and when the young fellow turned at the sound of footsteps, the signor, with his native politeness, raised his hat and gave him "good day."

The gentleman—the signor recognised his quality in a moment, was dressed in a suit of flannels, with his straw hat tilted to the back of his head, was smoking a cigar, with a contemplative gaze at the sea.

It was the young fellow Iris had rescued from the bull yesterday, but, of course, the signor did know that.

He returned the signor's polite greeting, just looked him over, and went back to the sea and his cigar.

But this did not suit the signor, who never met anybody without wanting to know something about them, so he leant over the rails in a free and easy fashion, and tilting his hat on the back of his head, said:

"This is a pretty view, sir!"

The stranger turned and nodded.

"Yes," he said.

"Ah, yes, indeed! It reminds me of Naples," remarked the signor, which it did not in the slightest.

"Oh?" said the gentlemen. "I shouldn't have thought it much like it. But it is considered a polite thing to liken every little English bay to Naples, isn't it? So, as an Englishman, I am much obliged."

The signor showed his teeth in a conciliatory smile.

"Ah, I see!" he said. "You have—what do they call it?—wit! Truly, no, it is not much like Naples, but pretty, very pretty all the same. It is your native place, sir, no doubt?"

The Englishman laughed coldly.

"No, it isn't," he said.

"No! You are, then, only staying here! I, too, am only a visitor—a stranger, like yourself! This is charming."

The young fellow looked at him with a half concealed amusement, and suspicion.

"I arrived in England only yesterday," said the signor, becoming confidential, in the hope that this young fellow would reciprocate.

"I hope you like it," said the other. "Will you have a cigar?" for the signor had devoured his cigarette.

He accepted it with charming frankness, and the two smoked in silence for a minute or two.

"My friend is doubtless a—sailor?" said the signor, glancing at the flannel suit and straw hat which he judged to be the uniform of the British Navy.

The young fellow looked amused.

"Not exactly," he said; "but I shall be, after a fashion, this afternoon. I am crossing to France."

"So! I envy you," said the signor, with a sigh. "You are going on your travels! delightful! With the world before you, with your youth and good looks, sir, you are to be envied."

The young fellow laughed again; but he was getting rather tired of the signor, and moved towards the window.

At this moment the landlord appeared.

"What time does the train come in from London?" asked the gentleman.

"It will arrive in three-quarters of an hour, sir," said the landlord.

"Oh, well, just get me a little something to eat."

"Pardon!" said the signor, with a bow; "my poor luncheon is just ready—you came to announce it, is it not so, landlord? —will my friend honor me by sharing it? Two is good company, while one is only devilish dull."

The young fellow accepted the offer, evidently dreading the bore of having to refuse, and the two went in and sat down.

The signor's usual flow of conversation did not desert him on this occasion, but though he made several artful and really admirable attempts to pump his companion, the Englishman, though young and careless, remained a close shell, and contented himself with eating his share of the lunch, and listening with a half-amused indolence, to the signor's perpetual flow of talk.

Presently the door opened and the landlord ushered in an old gentleman with a travelling wrap and a small handbag.

"Good-morning, my lord," he said, raising his hat. Then, seeing the signor, he added, "I beg your pardon; the landlord did not tell me you were engaged."

The signor, who had pricked up his ears at the sound of the title, rose with polite alacrity.

"No, no, sir!" he said, with an elaborate bow and a wave of the hand; "his lordship is not engaged. We were but discussing our meal in company. I will efface myself," and he took up his hat.

"Certainly not," said the new arrival; "my business will wait for an hour or so. Don't let me disturb you."

"But permit me!" murmured the signor smoothly. "Not for all the world would I interrupt two gentlemen at their business! Certes, no! I will go and take a stroll about this charming town. Adieu, my lord; adieu, sir! Perhaps when I return I may have the felicity of rejoining you—is it not so?" and with an insinuating smile the signor quickly bowed himself out of the room.

He followed the landlord to the bottom of the stairs, waited until the latter had turned into the bar, then murmuring just loud enough for him to hear, "Desolation! I have left my cigarette case!" softly and quietly went up stairs again.

After standing at the door for a moment, he went on tiptoe to the next one, opening and entering the room cautiously.

Though apparently a separate room, it was only divided from the one in which the other two men were sitting, by a wood partition—not an uncommon device in country inns—and to the signor's great delight, he found he could hear every word that was spoken as plainly as if he had been sitting in the same room.

As a matter of fact, the signor had no special motive in overhearing the talk between the two men, but having nothing particular to do, and never having during the whole of his life missed an opportunity of committing a mean action, it occurred to him that he might as well listen as not, so he coiled himself up on a rickety sofa near the partition, and, making himself as comfortable as possible, prepared to enjoy himself after his peculiar fashion.

CHAPTER VI.

THE young Englishman motioned the elderly gentleman to a chair.

"Sorry to give you the trouble of coming all this way, Mr. Barrington!" he said. "Will you have some wine? No! I should recommend a glass of water! No! A cigar then? Oh, I forgot, you don't smoke."

"No, my lord; that is one of those pleasant vices—I beg your pardon, habits,—which I have not been successful in acquiring."

"Quite right," said the young fellow, lighting his cigar as he spoke. "And about this business; will it take long?"

"Not very long, my lord!" said Mr. Barrington. "It was necessary that you should go over one or two papers before you left England—You have quite decided to go abroad!" he broke off to inquire.

"Quite!" said the young fellow, but in a rather doubtful tone. "Well, that is," he explained, as the lawyer looked up at him questioningly, "I was until yesterday afternoon!"

"Yesterday afternoon?" said Mr. Barrington inquiringly.

"Yes, yesterday morning I was as firmly resolved to go to Canada and the west as I am at this present moment to finish this cigar; but yesterday afternoon I had an adventure which somehow has—" he paused and threw himself astride a chair and laughed a little shamefacedly—"what shall I say?—unsettled me?"

"An adventure!" murmured Mr. Barrington.

"Yes, but don't ask me what it was," said his companion. "Fact is I have had so few romantic adventures in my life that I've a selfish desire to keep this all to myself. Of course there is a woman in it," he added.

The lawyer smiled.

"There is no romance without a petticoat, my lord," he said. "And you won't leave England after all," he said in the tone of a man thinking. "Then I've had all my journey for nothing."

"Yes, I shall," replied the other. "I shall just run over to France. My yacht is here, that's her out in the bay. Pretty, isn't she?"

The lawyer nodded politely, though a yacht was to him a kind of ship and nothing more.

"Yes, I shall run over to France, the Channel Islands, and thereabouts generally, and put off going to Canada until a more convenient opportunity. You think me changeable, of course? Well, I can't help it. Now fire away with the business."

The lawyer drew some papers from his bag and arranged them in a slow way which some clients find so aggravating.

"These will want your signature, Lord Coverdale," he said.

The young man took up a pen and wrote his name, "Coverdale," at the spot pointed out.

"And here is the account of the estate ——"

Lord Coverdale laughed, not bitterly by any means, but with a touch of good natured mockery and annoyance.

"Don't call it by that ridiculous word, Barrington," he said. "One would think it was a property with a rent roll as long as my arm, instead of being only a few thousands."

He leaned back as he spoke and emitted a cloud of smoke a little impatiently.

"It is a small fortune for a peer of the realm, my lord. But the best has been done with it——"

"My dear Barrington," interrupted the young man quickly and generously, "I know that. I know that you have done the very best that was possible to do! I know that many men would have chucked up the whole troublesome business and me into the bargain, and I wish you knew equally well how grateful I am to you for all the trouble you have taken, and all the kindness you have shown to me!" and he stretched out his hand across the table.

"Why, man," he went on, "do you think I have forgotten your kindness in the old times when I was an almost penniless young devil? Do you think I have forgotten the five-pound notes, ah! and the twenties you used to lend me? No, Mr. Barrington, I haven't forgotten, and I'm not likely to forget it, I hope!"

The old man was evidently affected by the frank gratitude of the young peer, and he evidently tried to hide his emotion under a husky legal cough.

"You make too much of it, my lord," he said.

"No, I don't—but go on, Barrington. These accounts—oh, it's no use my looking at them; I shouldn't make head or tail of 'em if I pored over them for a week. Let us take them as read; and now how much have I got to live on?"

"A very little over nine hundred a year," said Mr. Barrington. "It is not quite a thousand."

The young fellow laughed.

"Nine hundred a year, nearly a thousand," he said. "Well, of course, it would have been a princely income to me when I was Mr. Heron Pryce Coverdale; but as the Earl of Coverdale it is simply—well, absurd! Look here, Barrington, I've thought the whole thing out," and as he spoke he got up, and kneeling on the chair with one knee, leaned against the table and emphasised his remarks with a pointed finger. "A poor peer is an anomaly, an unnatural being, a—in short, a nuisance to himself and to everybody else! Look at my poor uncle, who left me this money. Look at the life he led. He was an honest man, and didn't owe anybody a penny; but he had to struggle through life in a threadbare coat and a shocking bad hat, just because he was a peer, and to keep up his peerage a little bit swallowed up all his income and left him scarcely enough to buy half a dozen new shirts when he needed them. Oh, I know! Now, I'm not going to make the same mistake: I'm not going to figure about as an earl of the realm, and sit in the House, and shuffle about the clubs, when I haven't enough money to pay the subscriptions or tip the hall porter. No, I won't do it! Therefore, I mean to live by myself to myself. I intend living on board my yacht nearly all the year round—you've no idea how cheap you can do it on board ship. Come with me for a trip, Barrington!"

Mr. Barrington gave an unmistakable shudder.

"I'm a very bad sailor, my lord," he said; "but I thank you all the same."

"I mean to live just as a plain man—I mean an untitled man—with a thousand a year would do, and the peerage may go to the——!"

Mr. Barrington coughed.

"I think it's a wise resolution," he said, with a sigh. "Certainly a peer with so small an income is placed in a very awkward position, but"—he coughed again, and looked at the graceful figure and handsome face, slightly flushed with excitement, before him thoughtfully—"but there

are ways—I mean, it is possible, that is—well, my lord, you may marry."

"Thank you!" said Lord Coverdale, with a laugh. "Much obliged. But not for me, thank you very much. No! The Coverdale peerage dies with me if it is considered necessary that I should take an heiress for a wife! What! marry a girl for her money! No! I've seen that done, and I've always noticed that both the woman and man are wretched. Now, I don't mean to be wretched by any means. If I can't marry the girl I fall in love with, then I won't marry at all."

As he spoke, his face flushed again, and there came a pensive look into his eyes.

He was standing once again in the field, with the goddess on the black horse sweeping down from the clouds to rescue him.

Mr. Barrington nodded, but not with entire approval.

"Very proper sentiments, my lord," he said; "but ahem rather unusual and——"

"Unprofitable, I daresay!" laughed Lord Coverdale. "But they are my own, such as they are, and I mean to stick to them. No Coverdale ever has married for money, and this Coverdale won't!"

The lawyer rubbed his chin and sighed again.

"If the Knighton property had been all right——" he said musingly and regretfully.

Lord Coverdale broke in with a short laugh.

"If the moon were made of green cheese, dairy produce would go down in the market!" he said.

"It's a pity, a great pity!" said Mr. Barrington.

Lord Coverdale nodded and paced up and down.

"To tell you the truth, Barrington," he said, "my feelings as regards the Knighton business are rather mixed."

"As how, my lord?" inquired the lawyer.

"Well, you see—look here! Of course I know all about the feud between the Coverdales and the Knightons, and I have no doubt they had very good reason to hate each other."

"So I've always heard."

"Yes, so have I. Very good, though what they are it would be difficult to tell. I've an impression that my uncle, the late earl ran away with the girl Mr. Godfrey Knighton was to marry. Is that so?"

"I've heard something of it," said Mr. Barrington, "but whether there is any truth in it——"

"Well, at any rate, Mr. Knighton must have got over it very soon, for he married the Italian wife rather early, didn't he?"

The lawyer nodded.

"Yes. Well, now, of course if he hadn't married I should have come into Knighton Revels and the Beverley property; that is, in all likelihood, for it isn't entailed; and, of course, in my own mind I feel as if, by marrying, this uncle of mine——"

"Cousin," corrected Mr. Barrington.

"All right. Anyhow if he'd had no children I should have been his legal heir?"

"Quite so," said Mr. Barrington.

At this point the signor, behind the panel division of the room, in his eagerness not to lose a word, slipped on the sofa, and brought his head with a bang against the woodwork.

"What was that?" said Mr. Barrington.

"Rats, cats, somebody in the next room, I suppose," replied Lord Coverdale carelessly.

"It had been always an understood thing that Beverley at least should pass on to the Coverdales; that had been a bargain in consequence of some chopping and changing of land between them, hadn't it?"

"It had been," said Mr. Barrington, "but Mr. Godfrey Knighton denies it, and declines to admit any such claims."

"I know; and I for one wouldn't press it! Let him take them all! Knighton, Beverley, and every other acre! I wouldn't accept a rood from the man who always declared that the name of Coverdale stunk in his nostrils. Stop!" and he stopped in his pacing up and down, and colored. "I'm going too fast! I don't like him, but I have nothing against him: I suppose it is because I was brought up to dislike him. But, as I say, I have nothing against him. I saw him once a stern, hard man, with a frown and a harsh voice. I've heard that his daughter takes after him."

Mr. Barrington looked up with surprise.

"Indeed!" he said. "Who told you that, my lord?"

Lord Coverdale frowned with self-annoyance.

"You're quite right, Barrington," he said. "I ought not to have spoken of a lady in that way, especially of a lady whom I don't know. But, at any rate, I have not heard the most brilliant account of her, and my informant was one whom I could trust—would trust with every inch of confidence I've got!"

He spoke so emphatically that the lawyer looked up curiously.

"I can't imagine where you got that idea of Miss Knighton," he said thoughtfully. "She always struck me as being a most charming young lady."

Lord Coverdale laughed.

"Never mind," he said; "don't let us discuss it. Poor girl! I pity her with such a stern father! I suppose she will be very rich?"

"Very rich, indeed," assented Mr. Barrington. "The Knighton and Beverly estates are large, and Godfrey Knighton has not lived up to half his income. It would be impossible for him to have done so, seeing the quiet and retired life he has been living for the last fifteen years. I am afraid he is not a happy man."

Lord Coverdale shrugged his shoulders.

"Most unhappy I should think, from all I have heard. But the poor fellow lost his wife soon after his marriage did he not?"

"Yes; she died giving birth to Miss Knighton," said the lawyer. "At least I believe so. I do not know; indeed I don't think anyone knows anything about her or their married life."

"Poor woman!" said Lord Coverdale, gravely and pityingly. "Look here Barrington, I'm afraid that I have in my mind been rather too hard on Mr. Knighton. Hang it all! I wish I could forget the family feud! I wish I could forget how heartily my uncle, the late earl hated him and ——"

"If you could forget that and your own fancied dislike to Godfrey Knighton, and marry his daughter, the Coverdale and Knighton's name would be once again as they use to be."

Lord Coverdale shook his head and laughed.

"No, thanks, Barrington; rather than marry Miss Knighton, from all I've heard concerning her, I'd marry anybody you like! No! I'll remain as I am, unless I can find some girl I can love—" he paused, and once more there rose before him the vision of the tall girl with dark eyes looking down at him—'for herself, and herself alone, and won't mind my being that ridiculous monstrosity, a peer without money, why, as I say, I'll bury the Coverdale name in my coffin."

He laughed again at this dismal conclusion, and Mr. Barrington rose.

"You forget one thing," he said. "Mr. Knighton may remember the old compact between the two houses and name you in the will."

Lord Coverdale shook his head.

"That's not likely," he said. "He will, of course, leave it all to his daughter, and who could blame him? Not I!"

"In that case," said Mr. Barrington, "there are not many young fellows who have your scruples, my lord."

"No, I daresay not," said Lord Coverdale. "Men do all sorts of things that I should not. The meanest thing a man can do is to marry a woman for her money. Anything more? Look here, stay and have dinner with me, or else on board of my yacht——"

Mr. Barrington shuddered again.

"Thank you very much, my lord, but I must go back to town as soon as I can. There is a train which I think I can just catch. And where shall I write to you?"

Lord Coverdale thought a moment.

"Oh, write to the 'Hotel du Promenade,' St. Malo," he said carelessly. "I shall put in there first. After that I'll drop you a line and say where I am bound for. I'll stroll down to the station with you if you must go; but I wish you'd stay and dine with me."

Mr. Barrington declined again, and put his papers into the bag, and the two men passed out and descended the stairs.

Signor Ricardo waited till their footsteps had died away, then he slipped from the sofa, stood for a moment gesticulating with hands, as if he had heard something too wonderful to digest all at once, then, in a frenzy of what looked like delight, danced a fandango round the room on the tips of his toes, and at last alighted on the sofa, and hugging himself with supreme satisfaction and approval, murmured:

"Baptiste, my dear, dear Baptiste, you are the most lucky and fortunate the sun ever shone on. Baptiste, my child, here is a fortune for you! A fortune? Bah, it is a gold mine! Godfrey Knighton, you will turn me out, will you? Miss Iris I kiss my hand to you!" and he wafted a delicate kiss towards the Revels. "Proud and beautiful as you are, my charming little queen, Baptiste Ricardo is your master!"

* * * * * *

Iris's worst enemy could not with justice call her sentimental. She had lovers by the score, but she had never bestowed a thought upon them; even Clarence Montacute she would have liked much better if he hadn't been so devotedly attached to her.

She was perfectly happy and content: she was a first-rate musician, she could paint tolerably well, could ride and swim, and knew more about books than ninety-nine out of a hundred of her sex.

In a word, she was a clever—as well as a beautiful—girl, and clever girls are not sentimental.

And yet she could not get the remembrance of her adventure with the bull in the Holt fields out of her head.

All the morning, while Signor Ricardo was listening to the conversation between Lord Coverdale and his lawyer, Iris was thinking of the handsome young stranger she had met the previous day. She tried not to think of him, to efface the whole business from her mind, but the effort was a vain one.

There was some excuse for thinking of him, for, after all, young ladies are not in the habit of saving a man's life every day in the week. But he haunted Iris in a way she could not understand, and in a fashion that annoyed her.

She found herself recalling even the features of his face, the golden-brown hair, the frank and really handsome eyes, the tones of his voice, and the short laugh which had accompanied so many of his speeches.

Once during the morning she went to the writing-table, and, unlocking a drawer, took out the scarf she had ridden back for.

It was only an ordinary necktie, but it seemed to possess a strange value in her eyes, for though she determined to throw it away, and even opened the window, she ended by replacing the scarf in the drawer, and locking it away again carefully, as if it were a treasure or a relic.

It was certainly the first thing belonging to a man she had treasured in that way. Men had given her costly bouquets, in the fond hope that she might preserve them, and she had thrown them aside, and left them to be swept away by Felice. But this plain and very ordinary blue silk scarf she locked away in her drawer!

She had spoken to no one of her adventure, not even to her father, though she had twice begun to tell him, and been interrupted by him; and the fact that she had not done so made the thing more important and secret than it would otherwise have been.

All the morning she tried hard to efface the affair from her mind; she played and sang, but his voice, his face floated between her and the music, and insinuated themselves in the harmony.

So thoroughly did the memory of the young man she had saved absorb her that she almost forgot the strange visitor, Signor Ricardo.

She did write to her friends the Deverells, but it was with an effort, and, even as she wrote, the handsome eyes of the young man got between her and the note paper, and confused her.

Felice, as was her custom, hovered about the rooms, and her sharp eyes noticed her young mistress's abstraction.

"Is the signorina not well?" she said anxiously.

"Well? Of course I am well! Why did you ask, Felice?"

"I thought you looked pale and *distrait*, Miss Iris," said Felice.

Iris got up, and drew her dark brows together, still more annoyed with herself.

"I think I am bored this afternoon, Felice," she said.

"Yes, miss," was the answer. "You seem as if you could not settle to anything. Why does not the signorina go out?—it is a lovely afternoon!"

"I think I will," said Iris. "Tell Fenn I will have Snow. He need not come with me."

"Is it safe for the signorina to ride alone so much?" said Felice, pausing at the door.

"What nonsense, Felice!" said Iris with a laugh. "Do you think that Snow will throw me off, or run away with me? Snow is the best-tempered horse in the world!"

"It is not that. I know the signorina rides well," said Felice; "but it is not usual for ladies to ride unattended, is it, Miss Iris?"

"In the parks, in London, it certainly is not," she said; "but here—why, however far I go I seem to be at home. There is not a man or woman for miles round who does not know me! It is just like being in the Revels' grounds. Why should I drag Fenn after me?"

Felice said not a word more, but inclining her head, glided out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

PROTECTING THE VINES.—In some parts of the wine district of France the church bells are tolled when there is likely to be a frost severe enough to hurt the vines. The inhabitants at once hurry out of their houses and place quantities of tar between the rows of vines. Then the signal is given to light the tar, and in a few minutes a dense cloud of smoke arises which completely protects the vines from the frost.

SALT.—In certain parts of Central Africa salt is more scarce than gold, and to say that a certain man eats salt is to say that he is very rich. Yet the people living there have existed for ages and have enjoyed the best of health without a taste of salt from infancy to old age. Salt is not in use in Siberia as a common constituent of food, and the same was true of the North American Indians previous to the discovery of the continent by Europeans, and for many years after, and is still true of the Pampas Indians of South America.

THE FOUNTAIN.—Bimini was a fabulous island firmly believed in by the Indians of the Antilles, though they could give no further clue to its location than it lay some hundreds of leagues north of Hispaniola. On this island was the famous Fountain of Youth, which had the power of restoring youth and giving perpetual health to the sick and decrepit. It was the search for this fountain that led Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto to Florida, on the outskirts of which the island was generally supposed to be situated.

NUMBERS.—For seven days, seven priests with seven trumpets invested Jericho, and on the seventh day they compassed it seven times. Elisha sent Naaman to wash in the Jordan seven times, and Elijah sent his servant from Mount Carmel seven times to look for rain. Miraculous powers are supposed to be possessed by the seventh daughter, but, as usual in the case of women it has an occult power. When a servant maid has nine green peas in one pod, she lays it on the window sill, and the first man who enters will be her "beau." Among the Chinese heaven is odd, earth is even, and the numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 belong to heaven, while the even digits are of the earth, earthly.

ADAM'S TREE.—In parts of Germany, when at evening, the clouds rise and bear some resemblance to a great tree—that is, when there is, as it were, a pillar of vapor between the horizon and the overarching canopy of cloud, the peasants call it "Abraham's tree," or Adam's tree." A mackeral sky provokes the saying: "We shall have wind, Adam's tree is putting forth leaves." If the leaves appear in the afternoon it is a sign of fine weather: if early in the morning, of storm. The serpent that gnaws the roots of the Yggdrasill seeks the destruction of the universe. When the roots are eaten through the tree will fall over, and an end of all things has come. The old English May-pole is the same tree, bursting into beauty and foliage in the spring. As the Anglo-Saxons regarded with the Norsemen, the ash as the world tree, and the ash is deciduous, they kept the festival of its restoration to vitality. The Germans took the evergreen silver fir as the symbol of the ever-living tree of the world's life. Yet they also keep some festival analogous to the May day.

MEANING OF COLORS.—White was the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, faith, joy and life. In the judge, it indicates integrity; in the sick, humility; in the woman, chastity. Red, the ruby, signifies fire, divine love, heat of the creative power, royalty. White and red roses express love and wisdom. The red color of the blood has its origin in the action of the heart, which corresponds to or symbolizes love. In a bad sense, red corresponds to the infernal love of evil, hatred, etc. Blue or the sapphire, expresses heaven, the firmament, truth from a celestial origin, constancy and fidelity. Yellow, or gold, is the sun, of the goodness of God, of marriage and faithfulness. In a bad sense, yellow signifies inconstancy, jealousy, and deceit. Green, the emerald, is the color of spring, of hope, particularly of the hope of immortality and of victory as the color of the laurel and palm. Violet, the amethyst, signifies love and truth, or passion and suffering. Purple and scarlet signify things good and true from a celestial origin. Black corresponds to despair, darkness earthliness, mourning, negation, wickedness and death.

NURSE.—We ought to have a piece of soft old linen to bind up Master Rupert's bruise. Young Mother (anxiously) Ought we, Barker? (To under-nurse) Jane, go right out and buy three yards of the finest old linen you can get.

MUST I?

BY WM. W. LONG.

Must my life be ever lonely?
Must the way be dark and long?
Must I stand without the palace
When Love sings its sweetest song?

Is Love's dream of beauty ended?
Is Love's hope forever done?
Must our lives for aye be parted?
Must I die alone, alone?

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII—(CONTINUED.)

SHE uttered no cry, though her whole heart yearned towards him with an infinite pity for him and for herself. Silence reigned for a full minute; then he spoke.

"You have wrecked both our lives," he said, not sternly, but with the accents of despair; "and yet not you alone, but Fate! Do you know that this same night I was struck down, and that for weeks I lay unconscious!—that but for that, I should have come to you once more? Oh, Heaven! to think how hardly Fate has treated us!"

"Yes, I know it now; now it is too late!" she faltered.

"Too late! Too late!" he echoed, looking down at her with hollow-eyed misery. "But it is not too late for justice—for vengeance!" and his face grew dark. "Your father—oh, no; what can I do to them?—he is your father!"

"You can do nothing, nothing," she said. "It is on me that your vengeance should fall; I am to blame! If you would kill me here where I sit, how glad, how glad I should be!"

"Kill you, my poor dear Kate!" he moaned.

"Yes, kill me!" she said wildly; "for I have been the weakest, cruellest girl that ever the world saw. I have wantonly wrecked my own life and yours. But, no; you will still be happy—it is to you that that justice shall be done—braving all that the world can and will say of my motives I have come here alone to find you and proclaim the truth!"

"The truth!" he repeated dully and wearily. "What truth?"

"That you are the Earl of Carr-Lyon!" she said, and she raised her head, and looked at him with a momentary triumph. "You are not Clifford Raven, but Desmond Carr-Lyon, and yours are the title and the estates which my—my husband holds!"

He did not start or change color, and her face fell.

"You knew this!" she said.

"Yes, I knew it," he assented, with no sign of relief or satisfaction.

"When did you know it?" she quickly demanded.

"The night I told you that I loved you, and asked you to be my wife; that night I saw Arthur Carr-Lyon and recognized him, and knew that it was I and not he who was the earl."

"And—and—you hid this knowledge!" she said.

"You forget," he said gently, sadly, "that that night I was attacked, and that for weeks I lay unconscious, unable to come to you—to claim my rights—for I should have done. Oh, Kate, if you could but know how my heart rejoiced in the knowledge that had come to me. How I looked forward to laying all—all at your feet!"

His voice broke, and he strode up and down for a moment or two to regain his composure.

"I see it all now! How blind I was, how blind!" she murmured wearily.

Then she turned to him.

"But now that you know it," she said, "you will claim your own! Now at once—to-day!" she added with feverish impatience, her hands clasping and unclasping each other.

He looked down at her sadly.

"What, and rob you of your title!" he said reproachfully. "Did you think me capable of that? Ah, how little you know me or have measured the love I bear you, Kate!"

"Rob me!" she cried wildly. "Do you think I would wear that which did not belong to me!—do you think I would stand before the world and brazen out a lie and a shame? How little you know me, or can love—" she stopped and a deep red flushed her cheeks. "No! The truth must be known at once! It is the thought of that, the longing to see justice done you, that alone keeps me from going mad, that alone enables me to bear my misery! To-night—to-morrow—the world must know that it is you who are the Earl of Carr-Lyon and not he!"

He shook his head slowly.

"The world will never know it," he said. "No one will know it save you, and he, and I!"

She started to her feet, but he put out his hand and reverently and gently forced her down again.

"Listen to me—bear with me," he said. "This that you propose is—impossible. Two days ago when—when you were still Kate Meddon, if you had proposed that, I would gladly assented, for I should have been able to lay my title at your feet. But it has no value now. Value! I hate the sound of my own name! I would not take the title to save my life. No! It shall still be his—and yours," and his voice lingered tenderly on the last two words.

She laughed mockingly.

"And you think I could endure that it should be so! In an hour's time I will proclaim the truth—I will go to every man and woman I know, and tell them all I know now——"

"And it would be useless," he said, gently and firmly. "Do you think I have not thought this matter out? Yesterday, when I learned—just too late, too late!—that—that I had lost you, do you think that I did not guess that you might learn the truth, and what you would do? And I made my resolution. I vowed that no power on earth should persuade me to take the title from him!"

"You cannot help yourself," she said swiftly, recklessly. "As I have said, so I will act—the whole world shall know who is the rightful earl——"

"And the whole world cannot force me to take that which I refuse. Listen, ah, listen and be patient with me! From this day until I die I remain Clifford Raven ——"

"You cannot do that," she broke in with a gesture of impatience.

"Can I not?" he said, gently and sadly. "Kate, there was once a man who set his heart upon gaining a treasure he knew was hidden in the heart of a desert. For years he had planned and schemed and toiled over his secret desire. He set out on his search. For months he traversed the dreary scorching plain, and at last he found the hidden treasure, the prize for which he sought; but the discovery came to him as he was dying of hunger and thirst, and the sight of the glittering heap only increased his torture! He thrust it from him, and with his last breath—he cursed it! The old title, the wealth of the Carr-Lyons has come to me too late, and I thrust it from me; I could curse it, but that henceforth it shall be yours."

"Never, never!" she cried, tears running down her face. "You cannot. The law will not let you, and to the law I will go ——"

He sighed.

"No law can make a man accept that which he is resolved to disclaim. No man can make me admit that I am Desmond Carr-Lyon! Desmond Carr-Lyon died years ago ——"

She wrung her hands, for she saw that he had guessed her father's share in the villainy.

"He died years ago, and you cannot prove that he is alive again! It is better so," he said in a low voice. "If I had the title it would but increase my misery. Here, in this solitude, I cannot forget, in my daily work, all I have lost! I may even, please Heaven, learn to forget—you! Ah, me!" he sighed; "not that! I shall never forget you, Kate, never! You will always come before me as I saw you that night in the lane, when——"

He drew something from his breast, and put it to his lips.

It was more than she could endure—more than any woman, placed as she was, could endure.

With a cry of agony she flung herself at his feet.

"Oh, what have I done!" she wailed. "If I had but waited! Oh, have pity on me! I was mad—mad! Oh, my love, my love!"

He stood and looked down at her, trembling in every limb.

His heart seemed full to bursting. At his feet knelt the woman he loved, in all her beauty, in all the abandon of a reciprocal passion.

He was but man, and for the moment he fell.

"Kate, my love, my darling!" broke from his lips, and he bent and caught her in his arms, lifted her to his breast, and kissed the tear-stained face, and warm, quivering lips. "It is not too late! See, I am here! You are in my arms! I love you! I love you! You shall not leave me! You shall stay with me! We will go away together—always together! You and I against all the world! My love, my queen!"

With faltering hand he put the hair from her forehead, and kissed her, pressing her face to his breast, and murmuring hot and passionate words of love and devotion.

"Don't cry, my darling! Look up, and let me see your eyes! See, dearest, I am with you; you and I against all the world! Tell me that you love me, Kate! Tell me,—I want to hear your dear voice whisper it."

"I love you! I love you!" she murmured, carried away by the storm of his passion, by her own o'erbrimming heart. "I love you. You are my master—help me, tell me what to do! Yes, I love you!" and she raised her face to his and kissed him.

Blame her, oh, moralist, if you will, for she and he were blameable, Heaven knows; but before you throw the stone, think well of the misery which had befallen them, remember their love, and their sorrow, and their despair, and let him or her who has suffered as they have suffered, and been tried as they were tried, and still stood firm against such temptation, throw the first stone!

He held her lightly, and murmured soothing words.

"Hush, hush, my darling! Don't cry! All will be well yet! All is not lost while we love each other, and I am by your side. Oh, my darling, my sweet queen, my wife ——"

He stopped suddenly, and a shudder ran through him.

The word "wife" had acted like a clarion note upon his conscience.

His wife! How could she be his wife when she was the wife of his cousin Arthur?

With a groan, he unclasped the dear arms which she had wound so lovingly and trustingly round his neck, and—yes,—put her away from him.

"Oh, Heaven! what have I done!" he cried remorsefully.

She looked at him, grew white, and sank upon the stone, and sat there with clasped hands and hanging head.

"What have I done!" he cried, and fell upon his knees beside her. "Kate, forgive me! I—I—my heart was too much for me! Forgive me! I had forgotten all that stood between us; Oh, Kate! oh, my darling! Heaven pity us! and forgive me my mad words! You and I can never be anything to each other. Never! So, go, my darling," he groaned, "go while I have strength left to let you go. Yes, my love is too deep to let me do you such a wrong! Go dearest, and pray that we may never meet again," and the wretched man hid his face in his hands.

She sat and looked at him very despairingly.

"You send me away from you!" she said, in a hollow voice.

"Yes!" he said hoarsely. "For your sake. It was my fault, all mine! Heaven alone knows the depth of my temptation. Oh, Kate, oh, my darling, while life lasts I shall love you, and treasure the memory of you; but we must never meet again!"

He took her hand which hung limp and supine beside him, and pressed it to his lips.

"Come, dearest, I will show you the way," he said brokenly.

She rose, trembling with the weakness of exhaustion.

"You send me away from you?" she said again.

"Yes; better so than that your life should be wrecked on the rock of my love!" he replied. "Come!"

He took her hands in his and raised her. No pen could justly describe his intense desire to clasp her to his heart again. He threw his coat round her for she was trembling and shivering.

"There is a train to London," he said, like a man who is pronouncing his own doom. "You must go by that——"

"To London—to him?" she said, almost inaudibly.

His working face told how her question moved him.

"Yes," he said hoarsely. "He is your husband——"

"No!" she said dully, wearily. "Not to him——"

"To your father, then?" he said, in a low voice. "Anywhere but with me! Come."

"Yes," she said, in the same dull voice; "I will do what you tell me. I will obey you."

He put his arm round her to support her, and had led her a few yards, when two men suddenly sprang down the path and confronted them.

They were the major and Arthur Carr-Lyon.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THEY had discovered Kate's ruse soon after she had escaped from the house, and had instantly and mutually came to the conclusion that she had gone in search of Desmond Carr-Lyon.

Every moment was of value, and in the hope of catching her before she had reached Sandford, they had taken a cab to the station, and engaged a special.

Arthur Carr-Lyon had muttered something about the expense, but the major had met his economical scruples with the remark that an earldom was worth spending fifty pounds for, and they had engaged a special.

Clifford Raven stopped, and, with a dexterous movement, swung Kate round so that he stood between her and her two pursuers.

For a moment the two parties confronted each other in silence.

The major was hot and red, for they had walked fast from the station, but Arthur Carr-Lyon was cold and self-possessed with the coldness of hate and the consciousness of power.

"My dear Kate," commenced the major, in a temporizing voice, but Arthur Carr-Lyon pushed him aside.

"So you are here, are you?" he cried. "By Heaven, I thought I should find you here! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You are a pretty sort of respectable woman, you are!"—and he uttered an oath—"to come here, of all places in the world, and to this man!"

Kate would have drawn herself away from Clifford's arm, but he still held her firmly.

"My dear Kate—" recommenced the major, eyeing Clifford Raven anxiously and fearfully; but Arthur Carr-Lyon broke in again:

"What's the meaning of this, I should like to know? What the deuce are you doing here?"

Still neither she nor Clifford Raven spoke.

"Of all the shameless things I ever heard of, this is the worst!" and Arthur Carr-Lyon. "Are you out of your mind? Look here; here's your father and me have come down by special train to know—to know what the deuce this caper of yours means!"

"Permit me to answer," said Clifford Raven, and his voice, though low, was firm and stern: "Lady Carr-Lyon came here to seek an interview with me——"

"I daresay; I can believe that!" sneered Arthur Carr-Lyon. "And who the deuce may you be?" he added with an air of bravado.

The major and he had agreed to brazen the matter out, to deny everything and anything, and to defy the man they had wronged, if they reached Sandford too late to stop Kate's revelation of their villainy.

Desmond looked at him with stern contempt, and Arthur Carr-Lyon's eyes fell.

"My name is Clifford Raven," he said, still in the same calm, low voice: "I am a friend of Lady Carr-Lyon's, and she has come to me for advice and protection."

Both the conspirators had started at this reply.

He had called himself by his old assumed name, had given Kate her title; was it possible that she had not told him, after all?

The major drew a long breath; then his heart sank as he remembered that Desmond would need no one to tell him what he must know—with his cousin standing before him—that it was he, Desmond, who was the earl.

"Come to you for advice has she?" said Arthur Carr-Lyon, his rage struggling with his cowardice and dread of the man he had wronged. "Why should she come to you? Are you aware that I am Lord Carr-Lyon—this lady's husband?"

A spasm passed over Desmond's face.

"I am aware of it," he said.

The major sank on to a rock and bent forward, listening in anxious amusement.

"And you think that it's a proper thing for a woman to leave her husband the day after her marriage and come—for advice," he sneered, "to a stranger?"

"I think Lady Carr-Lyon has acted properly, nobly!" came the stern reply.

Arthur Carr-Lyon glared at him and gritted his teeth; if the figure before him had been old and feeble he would have summoned up what little courage he possessed and flung himself upon it; but he knew that, weakened as he was by illness, the man he had robbed was more than a match for him.

"You do!" he said. "You know that Lady Carr-Lyon has—has quarreled with me, her husband, and you dare to stand between her and me! Between her and her father!"

Desmond's face darkened.

"Between Lady Carr-Lyon and—such a father! Yes!" he said in a low voice.

The major winced and hung his head, and Arthur Carr-Lyon bit his lip.

"Look here," he said, attempting to bluster, "I don't know who you are, and I don't care. I see that you have gained some influence over my wife—I only wish to Heaven I had known it sooner!" he sneered.

"You knew it early enough," said Desmond quietly and significantly.

"And I don't choose to bandy any further words with you. I address myself to her," and he looked towards her. "Kate, will you come with me, and your father? Do you mean to keep up this scandalous conduct——"

Desmond held her hand and pressed it encouragingly.

"Do not answer, Lady Carr-Lyon," he said gravely.

Kate stood perfectly motionless, her eyes fixed on the ground, and remained silent. Arthur Carr-Lyon uttered an oath.

"I see," he said furiously. "You have made your choice. You prefer this man to me, your husband. That will do. If you are satisfied, I am. If there's justice to be had, I'll have it, if I have to go to the Divorce Court."

Desmond's hand closed tightly over the small, cold one.

"Do you hear what I say?" demanded Arthur Carr-Lyon. "I give you two minutes"—and he took out his watch—"to make up your mind. Leave that man and come home with me, your husband, or I sue for a divorce."

Kate shuddered, and put her hands to her eyes, but did not move.

Arthur Carr-Lyon forced his watch back into his pocket.

"No!" he exclaimed. "I will not do that. That would be playing your game, wouldn't it? I'll see if the law can't help me in another way. Major, you wait here while I get a constable," and he turned, but Desmond's stern voice arrested him.

"Stay where you are, Arthur!" he said. Arthur Carr-Lyon started, and stole a glance at him sideways, and his face grew pale.

"You speak of justice. You shall have it. This lady came to me for protection, and I will protect her, though in doing so I have to proclaim you an impostor."

"An impostor!" faltered Arthur, with an attempt at a sneer.

"Yes, an impostor, Arthur Carr-Lyon!" came the stern response. "Stop!" for the other had opened his mouth as if to exclaim indignantly. "It is you who have forced me to threaten you. Attempt to coerce the lady who has the unhappiness to be your wife, and I claim the title you falsely bear, and demand an account of your stewardship."

Arthur Carr-Lyon forced a laugh, a listless and mirthless one.

"What's this?" he stammered blusteringly. "Do you say I am not the earl—who is, then?"

"I!" said Desmond calmly. "Do not speak; I warn you that every word you utter hardens my heart against you, and makes it more difficult for me to deal mercifully with you. You know the truth, you have admitted it. There sits your accomplice," and he pointed to the shrink-

ing major. "By fraud you bear the title you have, by fraud and treachery you have gained possession of one in whose presence you are not fit to breathe," his voice rang out sternly. "With a word I can ruin and punish you, and I will do it, if you refuse the conditions upon which alone I suffer you to remain in possession of the title and the estates of which you have robbed me. I am Desmond Carr-Lyon, the Earl of Carr-Lyon, and you know it."

Arthur Carr-Lyon attempted to speak, but no word would come, and he stood cowed and silent.

"For the title and the money which are mine by every legal right, I care nothing. But for this lady's happiness I care everything. I would lay down my life to shield her from wrong and suffering: judge, then, whether I should hesitate to crush you in protecting her!"

Arthur Carr-Lyon opened his lips.

"Not yet!" said Desmond. "You will hear me out. Then you shall answer yes or no, and that only. These are my conditions. You will leave this lady unmolested. She shall be free to go wherever she pleases, free from any claim of yours or his—" and he looked towards the major. "You shall not attempt to hold any communication with her. One half the income of the estate shall be paid by you to her solicitors for her sole use, and on these conditions only will I permit you to remain in possession of the title. Now answer!"

Arthur Carr-Lyon stood with his hands clenched to his side looking from the pale stern face of the earl, to the downcast one of his wife.

"What if I refuse?" he demanded, with an attempt at indifference.

"You will not refuse," returned Desmond with cold scorn. "Yes, or no!"

"It's 'yes,' I suppose," said Arthur between his teeth.

He had at first fully determined to face it out, to dare Desmond to do his worst; but his courage failed him.

And another motive influenced him; after all he might circumvent his cousin.

Better to gain time, at any cost; but he could not resist the temptation to cast a taunt at his opponent.

"Yes," he said; "but it's a pretty arrangement," and he sneered, "You seem particularly anxious for my wife's happiness; I suppose you mean to look after it yourself?"

Desmond's calmness had been more on the surface than any of the others had suspected.

With an exclamation of scorn and indignation, he sprang upon the cowardly villain, and seizing him by the collar, raised his hand to strike him; then, as a cry of terror rose from Kate, he let his hand fall to his side, and flung him from him.

"You hound!" he said breathlessly. "I will make no conditions with you. Get out of my sight! Take him away!" addressing the major in a low, strained voice. "Take him away if you value his safety; my patience is nearly exhausted."

The major rose totteringly.

"I think we'd better go," he whispered fearfully. "It's a fair offer. There's no use in standing up against him. Come away, for Heaven's sake! We shall gain time, at any rate."

Arthur had risen—for he had stumbled and fallen—and stood straightening his collar, and glaring at Desmond's white, passion-working face.

"Yes," he muttered hoarsely. "We shall gain time," and with a long look of impotent rage and hate he turned and walked away.

After a few steps he stopped and grinned out an oath, as if he half-intended going back, but the major caught him tightly by his arm.

"Come away!" he said tremblingly. "You have made him desperate, and—and when he's like that he's dangerous! I know him better than you do! For Heaven's sake come away!" and he almost dragged him up the path.

CHAPTER XXIX.

KATE and Desmond were left alone. Surely no woman had ever been placed in so strange and terrible a position as she was then!

The man she loved had stepped in between her and her husband, and surrendered rank and wealth for her sake—for pure love of her—and she was alone with him!

All through the trying scene, she had remained silent and downcast, leaving her fate in the hands of the man who loved her, trusting to him implicitly and wholly.

She sank now on to a rock, exhausted and bewildered, too bewildered to feel anything but humble gratitude to him who had stood before her, as a buckler and a shield, against her husband who had confessed himself base and vile.

But Arthur Carr-Lyon was her husband, after all was said and done, and how would the world look upon her conduct?

What was to become of her? She had not a friend in the world excepting Lady Warner, and she, Kate knew had left Sandford that morning for the Riviera.

To whom should she go? where could she find shelter?

The same question was flashing through Desmond's mind.

He had saved her from her husband—from the man who was coward enough to revenge himself upon her for the humiliation that had been inflicted upon him; but he had now to protect her fair name, her honor; and both would be be lost if he allowed her to remain under his charge!

And yet to part with her! The thought was an agony beyond all power of description.

He paced up and down for a while, glancing at her now and again as she sat patiently waiting for his decision—looking at her with the intense sadness of longing and despair.

Then, presently, he went and touched her hand.

"You are not afraid, Kate?" he said, in a low voice.

"Afraid? No," she answered, looking up at him for a moment, then drooping her heavy lids.

"You are safe from him," he said, in a low voice, "for the present, at any rate. But for the future——"

He stopped. Why could he not keep her near him, or follow her like a shadow, protecting and guarding her? It was a moment of delirious temptation, but he put it from him.

"Have you any plans—any thought of what you will do? Forgive me, dearest, but I must think for you!" he added, tenderly.

She shook her head.

"No. I have no plans. I do not know where to go," she said. "Lady Warner—she was my friend—is abroad. I have no one else," and her lips quivered as she thought of her father, who ought to have been her friend and protector in this awful crisis. "I must go somewhere. I cannot go back to him," she added, almost inaudibly.

"No," he said, almost sternly; "I think death would be preferable——"

"Yes," she assented, her eyes flashing for a moment, "But I must go somewhere. I will go back to London."

"To London! Alone?" he said, almost with a groan. "What can you do there, alone—you, who know nothing of life and its hardships and cruelties?"

"I must learn to live alone," she said, bitterly. "Thousands of girls—of women—no older than I have to do so. Why not I, too?"

He passed his hand slowly across his brow.

"You don't know what you say—what such a life means," he said. "It means ——"

He stopped, overcome by the mental picture that his words called up.

"Oh, Kate! oh, my darling! if we could but move time back for forty-eight hours ——"

"Do not reproach me!" she said very humbly.

He bent over her with infinite compassion.

"Reproach you!" he murmured. "No, no! There is no room in my heart for reproach; it is too full of love! Too full of pity for you and myself!"

She looked at him with eyes heavy with tears, then rose.

"I must go," she said. "Do not keep me," for he had taken her hand desperately, and held it in a firm grasp.

"But where?" he said.

"Anywhere! The world is wide," she answered. "Anywhere from him, and from ——" she stopped and sighed.

"From me! I understand! Yes! It must be so! I must think of you and your good name before all! I must not give him an excuse for blackening you before the world. Your good name——"

He stopped, unable to continue.

She drew her veil over her face and turned from him, and he stood with lowered head fighting against the terrible temptation which assailed him to keep her, or at least to accompany her to some place of safety.

Where could she go, and who was there in all the world to protect her?

Suddenly he started and hesitated, and looking up, he saw a slim, girlish figure coming down the path.

It was Nellie. With an articulate cry of thanksgiving he sprang forward.

"Wait!" he said, and, going up to Nellie, seized her hand.

She had stopped at sight of the two, and blushing and paling, fixed her eyes upon Kate.

With the quickness of love—and, alas, jealousy!—she recognised Kate, and guessed at the rest.

"Nellie!" said Desmond hurriedly and anxiously. "I am so glad you have come! Will you do something for me—a great, a very great service? Nellie, this lady—she is Lady Carr-Lyon—you know her."

Nellie's lips moved, and her eyes—a very deep violet now, remained fixed on Kate.

"She is in great trouble. She is all alone in the world——"

Nellie started slightly.

"I can't tell you the whole story, but it is a very sad one, one that would touch your gentle heart, Nellie. Will you befriend her for my sake? No, not for mine, but for hers, and for your own gentle heart's! Oh, Nellie, my friend, my sister, will you help her, and—me?"

She stood silent a moment, fighting against the burning jealousy which seemed to desolate her.

"What—what can I do?" she said, almost inaudibly.

"Take her home with you, and take care of her; protect her, Nellie! I know you can do it! There is no one in the world I would sooner trust her to than to you, my brave, true-hearted girl."

She averted her head for a moment, then she said:

"I will do what you ask me; but—but she is a great lady, she may not care ——"

"She is an injured and friendless woman, Nellie," he interrupted, "and very unhappy. I know I have only to tell you that to enlist your sympathy. Let me bring her to you."

He went to Kate, who had been standing looking at them.

She had recognized in Nellie the blue-eyed girl she had seen in his arms the night of the fete, and in her bosom rose the reflection of the jealousy that burnt in Nellie's; and yet she knew that it was without cause.

"See, Kate," he said in a low voice; "Providence has come to our aid, and sent us a friend in our utter need. This is Nellie, of whom you have heard. She saved my life at the risk of her own, and has nursed me with the devotion of a sister. Will you go with her? The cottage in which she lives is on the edge of the quarry; she will do anything, everything to help you. You will go?"

"Yes," she said, suppressing a sigh; for she was only a woman, and it was hard to be under an obligation to the girl she had regarded as her rival.

He took her hand, and led her to where Kate still stood.

"This is Lady Carr-Lyon, Nellie," he said; "and this is the truest and best friend a man ever had, Lady Carr-Lyon. You will go with her and stay with her until—until I can form some plan."

Kate raised her veil, and the two women looked at each other in the intense fashion of their kind, made more intense by the strange position in which they were placed. Then suddenly Kate held out her hand.

"I will go with you, if you will have me," she said; and at the sad, sweet voice all Nellie's coldness melted.

"Come with me," she said simply.

Kate stretched out her hand to Desmond, and he took it and held it for a moment. Then, as he slowly released it, he looked at Nellie.

"Thank you, Nellie," he said simply, and stood watching them as they made their way up the path.

For awhile they were silent. Conflicting emotions were battling in Nellie's heart.

She knew now who it was that filled Clifford Raven's heart so completely that there had been no room for her; and one instant she felt hot with jealousy, and the next amazed that any woman who had been blessed by his love could marry any other man!

Presently Kate stopped, and panted a little.

"I—I am rather tired," she said humbly and apologetically, "and the path is so steep."

"Oh, forgive me!" said Nellie, quickly and remorsefully. "Take my arm. Do not be afraid; I am strong and used to climbing."

"May I?" said Kate gratefully.

"Yes, lean all your might," said Nellie quickly, and almost commandingly. "I—it was unkind of me not to remember all your——"

"I do not think you could be unkind if you tried," said Kate sweetly.

"Yes, I can," retorted Nellie shortly, for she was still filled with remorse. "Have you—have you come far?"

"From London," said Kate simply.

"From London!" echoed Nellie.

She said no more until they reached the cottage; then she opened the door, and drew a chair to the fire.

"Let me take off your things, my lady," she said gently.

"No, no," said Kate deprecatingly; but with gentle firmness Nellie removed her hat and jacket, then she looked at the pale, weary face keenly.

"Have you had anything to eat since you started, my lady?" she asked.

Kate put her hand to her brow.

"I do not remember; I think not," she replied.

"You must be worn out," said Nellie pityingly, and, without another word, she threw a cloth on the table, and made some tea.

Kate sat and looked at the fire. She was nearly worn out, too weary even even to think or realize all that had happened to her, and she started when Nellie brought her a cup of tea and some bread and butter.

"I don't think I could eat anything," she said: "but I will take the tea. How good you are to me!"

"Try to eat one piece, my lady," said Nellie, glancing at the pale and lovely face, and trying hard to keep down the jealousy that mingled with her admiration.

"No wonder I was nothing in his sight," she thought, with sad bitterness. "And she could turn from him and marry another man! Was she mad or blind?"

"Now, when you are rested," she said, "you shall come upstairs and lie down, my lady."

"I think I will go immediately," said Kate meekly.

Nellie led her to her own room and with deft readiness arranged some pillows on a couch, then was leaving the room, when Kate looked up, and stretching out her hand a little way said—

"Will you—stay with me a little while? I want to speak to you, to tell you——"

"Not now," said Nellie with true delicacy. "You are too tired to talk; after you have rested and slept——"

"I shall not sleep," said Kate. "I want to tell you now. You do not know what it is you are doing. You may be sorry that you have befriended me when you have heard ——"

"I don't want to hear anything, my lady," said Nellie in a low voice. "It is enough that Mr. Raven——" she stopped, and Kate looked at her with sad wistfulness.

"Yes, I know you did it for his sake," she said in a low voice full of significance.

A burning blush rose to Nellie's face, then left it paler than before, for she knew that Kate had discovered her secret.

She stood motionless and irresolute, and Kate took her hand and drew her nearer to her.

"Will you not sit down and listen to me?" she said. "I know you dislike me ——"

"No, no!" faltered Nellie with averted face.

"It is only natural," said Kate sadly and patiently. "I have come between you and your happiness——"

"No, no, you must not say that," broke in Nellie, looking from side to side and clasping and unclasping her hands in her distress.

"But it is the truth," continued Kate, still in the same low voice. "But for me you might have had your heart's desire. Oh, bear with me!—I must speak out and openly! For me all chance of happiness in this world has gone! But for him—for you ——"

"Stay!" cried Nellie, her lips quivering. "You are all wrong, my lady——"

"Do not call me that," said Kate gently. "Call me—yes, call me Kate, and let me call you Nellie, may I? And may I go on, Nellie? I want that we should be friends, you and I, in more than name. And have we not cause? Would not either of us lay down her life for one person in this world? Ah, Nellie! do not be cold with me, for life lies before you with every chance of happiness, while I have thrown away my chance and there is nothing left!"

The tears were running down Nellie's face by this time, but Kate's eyes were dry.

"Nellie," she said, "I am married, and though I have left my husband for ever—for that is what I have done," for Nellie had started—"will you still think me fit to be your friend? Will you still let me stay ——"

Nellie answered with a look of reproach at the question.

"I have been weak and foolish, and I am rightly punished," said Kate. "I have sworn a lie at God's altar, and His vengeance has fallen on me already! But do not let me think of myself; nothing, no one can help me. But there is someone else, Nellie; you and I know who it is, whose happiness must be secured. And it lies in your hands dear."

"No, no," said Nellie, with something like a sob.

"Yes," said Kate in a whisper, and stroking the hand that quivered in hers. "No man could be so blind as to pass by such a treasure as your love, and—you do love him, Nellie? No need to answer! I read it in your face the night of the fete. I saw it shining there the moment your eyes met his this afternoon. I can read it in your face, in your tears, now! And see, dear, I am not jealous," but even as she spoke she quivered as if something had stabbed her to the heart, "and even if I were I would crush it out; I would think of him and his welfare."

"Oh, stop, stop!" implored Nellie piteously.

"No, let me finish what I have to say," said Kate. "From to-night I pass out of his life forever! We shall, we must, never meet again."

She set her lips firmly, and kept her voice steady.

"I am the wife of another man, and can be nothing to him but a memory, and even that will pass and fade away, after a time!"

"No," sobbed Nellie: "never! How could he? How could anyone ever forget you who had once loved you?"

Kate sighed.

"I know as surely as we sit here that it will be so," she said feebly. "And it is only just and right. I was never worthy of him. Should I have done what I have done if I had been?" and she put the question to herself as much as to Nellie. "In a very little while—yes, very soon," and her voice trembled a little, "I shall be to him as one who had died, and then—" she drew the weeping girl nearer to her and kissed her—"and then, Nellie, he will turn to you, who have loved him so much better than I do—than I did; to you, who are so much worthier of him: and you will be his wife, and teach him to forget completely this present sorrow. Hush!" for Nellie was breaking out into an exclamation of repudiation. "It is better that it should be so. You will see, Nellie, that my prophecy will come true, and when it does," she faltered, "will you try and remember the unhappy girl who predicted your happiness? Will you try and think of me kindly and pityingly? I know how hard it must be to you to have me near you now; but in that future, when all will be bright and joyous with you, will you give a thought, now and then, to the one who threw away the chance of the happiness which you will possess?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIGH health and a happy disposition infuse cheerfulness and pleasure by their simple presence; intelligence communicates itself; energy stirs up energy; sympathy wins sympathy; love begets love; a sensitive conscience quickens other consciences. Without intention we are all influencing others in the direction in which we ourselves are tending. This is an additional reason for self-care and self-culture. There are continual action and reaction. Self, trained in the best way and developed in the noblest parts, is ever giving itself out for the welfare of others, while every benevolent act, every sacrifice of mere indulgence for others' happiness comes back in tenfold measure to enrich the life and beautify the character of the giver.

THE CLOSED YEAR.

BY F. W. B.

Faster than petals fall on windy days,
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls flattering, and decays,
Ere the year closes.

On withered boughs, where still the old leaf clings,
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs faded, springs
No new endeavor.

The Hook of the Lamp

BY J. O. THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

WALES as a whole, and rural Wales in particular, is exceptionally free from crimes of a serious nature.

There may be, and indeed there are, a considerable number of the less heinous offences committed; but murders, large robberies, and felonies of like character are conspicuous by their rarity or absence.

We are often told, however, that there is no rule without an exception, and the above normal condition of the country is occasionally broken in a startling manner.

A tragedy of so exciting and absorbing a character as the one I am about to relate does not often happen there; indeed the terrible occurrence created a sensation which was not limited to the principality, but which spread even to the large centres of life where such fatal events are unhappily by no means infrequent.

On December 24, 18—, the following account appeared in the *Westham Courier*:

"A profound sensation has been caused in the Rustry district by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Dr. Oswald Roberts on the night of the 22d inst.

"Dr. Roberts is so well known and so highly respected by all classes of the community, that there is little wonder the excitement raised by the painful affair has become most intense. The facts of the case are of a peculiarly strange character.

"Dr Roberts has been for many years connected with the Rustry Iron and Coal Co., he having been medical attendant to both the ironworkers and the colliers.

"The whole of the workmen have always placed the utmost confidence in him, and as a slight token of the high esteem in which he was held by them they subscribed for and purchased a very handsome gold repeater watch and albert guard, which on the evening of the 22d were presented to him.

"On the day in question Dr. Roberts left home about 7 o'clock P. M., and, contrary to his usual custom, walked over to the works, a distance of two miles. It was a fairly clear, frosty night, and he reached the offices, where the presentation was to take place, at 7 30.

"Mr. Marston, the cashier, on behalf of the men, then handed to him the testimonial, and after several laudatory addresses by the men, and a speech in reply from the doctor himself, the meeting dispersed at 9 o'clock.

"It should be noted that there was nothing whatever in either the appearance or the demeanor of Dr. Roberts which would lead anyone to suppose he contemplated doing away with himself; indeed his speech that evening was pitched in a particularly happy key.

"He left the works in the company of Mr. Marston and Mr. Jasper, the latter of whom left them on reaching his own door, Mr. Marston and the doctor proceeding together towards Rustry.

"Mr. Marston states that when they arrived near his residence he invited the doctor to go in with him, and that, Dr. Roberts having done so, he paid to him the annual subscription due from the workmen for his services, and he produces a receipt, dated the 22d, and signed by the doctor.

"He further states that both Dr. Roberts and himself took one glass of whisky each, and that he then accompanied the doctor as far as the Pits, when he returned home.

"This is the last that is known of the missing gentleman, for he did not reach his residence that night, and up to the hour of going to press nothing further has been learned of his movements.

"It is feared that he has been the victim of foul play, and we are glad to hear that the police are energetically at work endeavoring to solve the mystery. The ironworkers and miners, too, have formed themselves into search-parties, so that we have every reason to hope that their endeavors will be crowned with success.

"The snow which fell so heavily early the following morning has, however, obliterated all tracks, and even if a struggle had taken place the marks of it will almost certainly have disappeared when the snow has melted."

In a special edition of the same paper, issued on Christmas Eve, the following paragraph appeared:

"It is with feelings of deep sorrow that we have to inform our readers that the clue which we mentioned this morning was held by the police has turned out to be a 'wrong scent.' Nothing whatever has been learned of the unfortunate doctor, and the force are at present 'at fault.'

"Detective Sharp of Scotland Yard has, however, arrived on the scene, and, we feel quite sure, will do his utmost to unravel this most painful and mysterious affair.

"The snow at last shows signs of departing, and once the drifts have cleared we may hope to find some trace at least which may lead to solving the enigma. The river is being dragged, but if, as now seems probable, a thaw sets in, it is feared that the river, swollen by the melted snow, will carry the body, supposing it to lie in the river, out to sea.

"To-morrow the pit-shafts in the neighborhood will be again and more thoroughly searched. We await the elucidation with the most intense anxiety."

On the morning of the 26th the same paper contained the following:

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

"On Christmas morning the body of the late Dr. Roberts was discovered lying between the metals on the branch line which runs from Rustry to Afreton. The head was completely severed from the body. It appears that the fireman of the early train yesterday morning saw something lying across the metals near the Pits bridge.

"There was no possibility of stopping the train in time to prevent passing over the object; but as soon as it was brought to a standstill, the fireman, together with the guard, returned along the line, and found, as we have said, the mutilated body of the doctor.

"An inquest will be held this afternoon, when we trust some light will be thrown upon a tragedy which bristles with mysteries."

THE INQUEST.

The inquest was held at the Rustry Arms Hotel, before Bernard Thomson, Esq., Coroner.

Detective Sharp was present watching the proceedings, and Mr. Lewis, solicitor, appeared on behalf of deceased's relatives.

The jury having been sworn, and having viewed the body, which lay in the surgery at the late doctor's residence in Rustry, the following evidence was taken.

The first witness called was Thomas Marston, who deposed:

"I am cashier of the Rustry Iron and Coal Co. Dr. Roberts attended the meeting at the offices of our works, and was there presented with a gold watch and chain. That was on the evening of the 22d inst. He left the works at 9 o'clock in my company. Mr. Jasper came up to us and walked with us as far as his own door. Dr. Roberts and myself proceeded together until we reached my residence. We both went in, and I paid him there $250 for his attendance on the men. We then took a glass of whisky, and then I accompanied him to the brow of the hill beyond my house, and having said good-night, I returned home."

The Coroner: "What time was it when you left him?"

"About ten minutes after ten. It struck ten before we left the house, and the deceased, hearing it strike, jumped up, saying, 'I must go, it is getting late.'"

"What time was it when you reached the house on your return?"

"Twenty minutes past ten. I looked at the clock when I entered."

"Had you reason for noticing the time so particularly?"

"None whatever. My servant, however, is in attendance, and will give evidence."

"How far from the place where the body was found did you leave the deceased?"

"About a hundred yards nearer to my house. At the bow of the hill."

"Was the doctor sober?"

"Perfectly sober."

"How was the money you paid over to him made up?"

"In notes and gold."

"Why did you pay the doctor?"

"I am treasurer to the fund, to which the men subscribe one part, and the Company contribute the remainder. I was authorized, as will be seen by the minutes of the last committee, to pay the amount."

The receipt given by the deceased was handed in and examined, several of the jurymen recognising the signature.

The minute book was also produced, and was found to contain the authorisation Mr. Marston had spoken of.

Herbert Jasper was next called. He deposed:

"I am forge manager at the Rustry Ironworks. I accompanied Mr. Marston and deceased as far as Holly Cottage, at which I reside. They two proceeded together towards Rustry."

The Coroner: "Was there anything in the nature of a dispute between them while you were with them?"

"No, sir. They were speaking of the men."

"You noticed nothing which could afford a clue to subsequent events?"

"Nothing, sir."

"How far is it from where you left them to Mr. Marston's house?"

"About a quarter of a mile."

Ann Jones deposed:

"I am servant to Mr. Marston. Dr. Roberts and my master came into the house after nine o'clock. They and Mrs. Marston sat in the drawing-room until ten; then Dr. Roberts and Mr. Marston went out together."

The Coroner: "What time did they go out?"

"A few minutes after ten, sir."

"What time did Mr. Marston return?"

"A good while before half-past ten; but I don't know exactly, sir."

"How do you know that it was before half past ten?"

"The hall clock strikes the half-hours, sir, and master had been in some time before it struck."

Sergeant Griffiths was next called. He deposed:

"I am police-sergeant stationed at Rustry. On the morning of the 23d Mrs. Roberts, the deceased's wife, sent for me and told me that Dr. Roberts had not returned from the meeting at the works. She said he might be attending a patient, but that as he always sent her word if he was not returning for any length of time, she was growing anxious. She asked me to find out, quietly if I could, where the doctor was. I was unable to do so. It was not until the evening of that day that I suspected something had happened to him." He next detailed the efforts to find the deceased.

The Coroner: "Did you search the body when it was discovered?"

"I did. There was nothing whatever in the pockets except the letter produced."

"Did you observe anything peculiar about the body at the time?"

"No, I did not. It had been removed before I saw it to the side of the line."

"Were the deceased's clothes torn, as if from a struggle?"

"They were slightly soiled, but not torn."

William Bowen was now called. He deposed:

"I am a fireman in the employ of the Western Railway Co. I was on duty with the 7 30 A.M. from Afreton to Rustry. On nearing the Pits bridge I was looking along the metals ahead, when I saw a dark mass across the four-foot. I called the driver's attention to it, and he blew the whistle and shut off steam; I also applied the brake. We were traveling at about thirty miles an hour, as we were going down an incline, so we could not pull up before reaching the place. The engine jumped very slightly. It was a dark morning with a light rain, and we did not know it was a body until we were close upon it. When the train was pulled up I called the guard, and we went back along the line and found the body. The head lay outside the rails; the body was in a slanting position between the metals."

"You did everything you could to stop the engine in time?"

"Yes, sir; but the rails were greasy from the wet and the wheels would not bite."

"Did you notice anything particular about the body?"

"No, sir only it seemed stiff and cold when we moved it."

The guard, who was next called, gave similar evidence.

Dr. Davies deposed:

"I am a duly qualified surgeon residing at Rustry. I have made a post-mortem examination of the body. There were no internal signs of disease. The body was decapitated."

The Coroner: "Of course that is the cause of death?"

"No; the doctor was dead when decapitation took place."

"How do you account for death previous to that?"

"There is a small punctured wound at the base of the skull, evidently caused by some sharp round instrument, which penetrated the medulla oblongata obliquely for about an inch."

"You say that death is to be attributed to this wound. Have you anything which tends to prove that the wound was inflicted during life?"

"Yes. There are traces of blood which flowed, though not in large quantities, from it, and the coagulated blood remains in the hair round the aperture."

"Was there no blood from the decapitation?"

"None, except coagulated blood which was expressed from the congested vessels of the neck, and which trickled down owing to the rain falling on it."

"How do you prove this?"

"The blood-vessels are full yet, and this would not be the case had the body been decapitated while alive. I am of opinion that the deceased met his death from the wound in the base of the skull, and that the body was placed while dead upon the line."

"Were there any marks on the body which would point to a struggle having taken place?"

"None whatever."

The Coroner now summed up, laying special stress on the evidence of Dr. Davies, which, he said, proved conclusively the cause of death, and pointing out that the deceased's presentation watch and the money paid to him were missing, there was no doubt that a robbery had been committed.

The jury, having retired, returned into court after an absence of ten minutes with the following verdict:

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

A reward of $500 was offered, together with a free pardon for any accomplice not being the actual perpetrator of the crime, who should turn Queen's evidence.

The number and maker of the presentation watch, the description of the chain, as also of the watch and chain which the deceased usually carried, together with the numbers of the stolen notes (payment of which was stopped), were advertised; but none of them could be traced.

CHAPTER II.

DETECTIVE Sharp was a medium-sized man, of pompous demeanor—one who, in the language of the colliers, thought no small beer of himself.

He was of fresh ruddy countenance, with reddish hair, keen bright blue eyes, pleasant face, and was not at all a typical detective.

Indeed, popular opinion in the Rustry district was beginning to go decidedly against him, for the workmen and countryfolk had been so impressed with the idea of a London, Scotland Yard detective, that they expected him to come down in a spirit of omniscience and put his finger upon the place where the body lay hid, and also to point out at once the murderer.

"Murder there was," they said, "and there must be a murderer, and if yon detective chap is any good, why don't he catch him?"

Immediately after the inquest, Mr. Sharp and Dr. Davies were to be seen engaged in a long and animated conversation.

They stood apart on a little grass-plot at the side of the Rustry Arms, in full view of the crowd who had assembled to await the verdict.

The doctor, who was a bit of a wag, must have said something not to Mr. Sharp's taste—probably called him a sham for not discovering the criminal—thought the onlookers, for the detective walked away with a serious expression on his face, and that day disappeared.

"He's given the job up," said the hands one to another, as they indulged in sundry sneers against the absent Sharp. "He's more like a flat than a sharp, is yon chap," said one collier to his mate. "Ay, lad, he's disappointed us all," was the reply.

The miners' opinion was that Scotland Yard detectives were no better than their own local police, and that if ever the murderer were caught, Sergeant Griffiths, of whose powers many of them could speak from experience, and not Mr. Sharp, would be the man to find him.

Trade was brisk, and the works were in "full go." Numerous strangers had come, and were constantly arriving in the locality.

Some of these got taken on, and stayed; others only stopped a few days. Among the new arrivals was a man who was given employment as odd-man and messenger between the colliery and the works. He was an ordinary-looking individual, of serious disposition, though every now and again a glimpse of the humorous vein which lay beneath cropped out.

To all appearances he was extremely poor, for his clothes were of the usual ready-made description, and much the worse for wear.

Somehow or other, his face was always black with coal smears, as if he never indulged in the luxury of a good wash.

His light blue eyes, looking out from an antiquated pair of horn spectacles, and overshadowed by a mop of black rough hair, had a most peculiar effect.

Who he was no one knew; he came from somewhere, no doubt, but it was a dim misty sort of place that no one could localise.

He was to be found here and there and everywhere about the works and colliery; he turned up in all sorts of unlikely places; no part, except the offices, seemed free from him; he was almost ubiquitous; but when he had to enter the presence of the officials, as sometimes happened, he went with a very kind awe, hat in hand, his forefinger up to a lock of his matted crop of hair.

He seemed a ready sort of fellow, could turn his hand to almost anything, and was soon on the best of terms with the men, who nicknamed him Rough Tom.

Tom had made a tour round the public-houses of the district, and had finally given in to the seductions of the Collier's Arms, a little low public-house in the very centre of the densely populated district, where the often dilapidated and almost invariably dirty cottages of his fellow-employés stood.

This den, for it was nothing better, was a favorite haunt of the lowest class of the inhabitants of the neighborhood.

It was almost always well filled after the day-shift had come home, and the large kitchen, with the well-sanded floor and cleanly scrubbed white tables of the morning, was converted into a very different and sightly-looking place before the clock struck the hour for turning out.

Here, surrounded by a motley crew of black-faced toilers, each with his short black pipe and mug of beer, the room clouded with smoke, Rough Tom would hold forth on the rights and wrongs of the workingman; and as his speeches were to the point, and drawn in accordance with the workman's view of the matter, he was always loudly applauded, by the hammering of the beer mugs on the deal tables, the clattering of iron-shod clogs, and shouts of "Hear, hear."

But Rough Tom was at his best when telling a story: and, strange as it may appear, Tom's tales were all about murders.

How he could recollect the exact circumstances of the scores of crimes he told of was a standing wonder to his associates, but he never faltered or made an error; the story, once told, never deviated.

There was another queer thing about Tom; he never narrated the case of a murder in which the culprit escaped.

It was a strange sight to see the coal-blackened speaker, his light blue eyes

shining, relating some horrible crime to a dozen or more equally grimy auditors, all stooping forward in their eagerness to catch every word; pipes and drink forgotten when their depraved appetite for blood was whetted; their breath quickened with excitement as the teller amplified and expatiated on the fearful details of a fearful crime, then shuddering instinctively and casting furtive glances round as he painted in all its awful colors, drawing out with almost eloquence, the despairing feelings of the poor doomed wretch, until his sufferings ended on the scaffold; while the gasp, between a sob and an exclamation, given by his hearers as the bolt was drawn and the drop fell told how intensely their nerves had been stretched by the recital.

During the relation of these gruesome stories Rough Tom's eyes ran round the circle of faces before him, giving to each, as their eyes met, a thrill almost as if of electricity.

There was one auditor, a youngish miner, known as Sam, who always shrunk from meeting Tom's gaze; but the latter soon discovered his aversion and tormented him in proportion.

In the midst of the ghastly details, Tom would suddenly turn his eyes and fix them on Sam's face, before he had time to realize what had taken place; and then while Sam, shivering as with cold, withdrew his eyes from the fascinating gaze of Tom, his tormentor would smile his peculiar smile, which, seen amidst the rehearsal of such terrible crimes, caused one to believe for the moment that the narrator was hardly human.

By such means as these Rough Tom worked his way into the confidence of the miners.

One evening Tom had been engaged as usual in a long account of a murder, when someone asked:

"Tom, what yo' think o' the murder o' our doctor?"

"What do I think? Well, I think as he was murdered."

"Oh, we all know that; but who do yo' think done it?"

"Some fellow who lives close to us here, and works with us."

"Yo' don't think that, do yo'?"

"Well, I don't blame anybody, mind you, but I shouldn't be surprised a bit if the fellow hasn't been in this pub. within the last week, sitting by us, and smoking and drinking as if he never did nothing worse than poaching in his life."

"I don't think that, Tom; I don't think one o' our mates would have done it," replied an elderly miner.

Sam seemed to be annoyed at this suspicion cast on his fellow-employes, and asked, with some show of temper:

"What right have you, a stranger, to say it's one of us? You don't know us like we know ourselves."

"No, I don't know you all yet," replied Rough Tom. "You are right, and so I don't know who killed the doctor; but perhaps you know, Sam; you seem to talk like it."

"I know nothing about it, darn you," shouted Sam, "you are more likely to know yourself than me."

"Well, don't get mad about it; you'll see I'm right when they catch him, and I'll lay ten to one they nab him in the next three months."

"I don't believe they will," said Sam.

"Perhaps you hope not, too; eh, Sam? But I'll bet anything you like on this, that the cove who did it will be hung within six months."

Sam was downright angry now. He pooh pooh'ed the idea, and as words rose high, and blows seemed likely to follow, the landlord came in and endeavored to calm down the rising strife.

"Now, gentlemen, less noise, please: let's have no fighting here."

By dint of much persuasion the uproar was toned down until comparative quietness prevailed; but an angry word now and again bore witness that the fire burned on beneath.

Rough Tom was too powerful and athletic a man to be defied with impunity, for a fight with him would, in all probability, end in blood being drawn, and that not from Tom himself.

Amongst the other jobs of Rough Tom was one he took great delight in for a time.

When miners descend into the pit, their safety-lamps are always locked at a kind of box office, called the lamp-room, by a man appointed for the purpose, who is answerable for their being secured.

Again, when a shift comes out from the mine, the lamps are unlocked by the same man, who can thus tell whether they have been tampered with while underground.

Tom constituted himself assistant to this official, and as often as his other duties allowed he was to be found, when shifts were changed, at the room, attending to the lamps.

After a week or two he seemed to tire of it; or more probably orders were given to keep him from meddling with the lamps, for he was no more to be found there.

Tom took up his abode at a widow-woman's house in Piaspontre, and a few yards from Sam's lodgings, and had to pass every day, on his way to and from work, the place where the body was found.

To describe the situation of the various places mentioned, let us suppose a straight line extending due west, and two miles in length.

The most western extremity will be the ironworks; the eastern, Rastry. Midway between them will be the place where the body was found, the branch line crossing the road here.

At an angle of about thirty degrees let a second line pass in a south-western direction, and at the same distance as the centre of the first line mark a spot; this will be the colliery.

It will be remembered that Mr. Marston, the cashier, deposed at the inquest that he parted from Dr. Roberts at the brow of a hill.

From this point the road descends for nearly a quarter of a mile, at first rather steeply, but after some distance very gradually.

About half-way down this steeper part the high road passes over a bridge, beneath which, and at right angles to it, runs the line of railway upon which the body was found.

Near the brow of the hill, at a distance of fifty yards from the road, stands the Plas, a large hall; and along both sides of the highway is a thick plantation, which extends for some distance, broken only by the road itself and the line, which runs through a deep cutting made in the hillside.

A path runs through the wood from a second highway near the colliery, which lies about a quarter of a mile to the right, and leads to Piaspontre, a little cluster of colliers' houses on the opposite side of the wood.

The wood consists of fine timber, mostly elm, oak, and ash, with a few pine and larch trees planted along the sides of the cutting.

It is filled up with a tangled growth of underwood, briars, bushes, etc., which make it in parts almost impassable.

Further up the road towards the ironworks the trees are stunted or dead, the fumes from the furnaces having stripped them of all vestige of green, and left their black, soot-coated, rugged, naked arms stretched out, like those of gaunt skeletons.

But here, sheltered from the deadly vapors by the intervening hill, they flourished luxuriantly, although larch and pine alone bear witness of this in the cold wintry air.

The colliers who live at Piaspontre, on their way home from the pit, generally walk along a siding which connects the mine with the branch line; then, proceeding on the railway for about two hundred yards, they ascend the bank and take to the footpath.

This leads them to pass within twenty or thirty yards of the scene of the discovery.

On a particular evening in the beginning of February, Rough Tom could have been seen trudging homewards in the company of a gang of miners.

The gang stopped a minute here and there on their way as one after another of the colliers picked from its hiding-place, in hedgebank or wall, the short black pipe he had been compelled to leave behind him before being allowed to descend the shaft.

It was dusk, and the light from a burning match falling upon the faces which clustered round it, as the miners "lit up," with a view of enjoying the coveted and long-denied luxury, made a most weird picture.

Sam formed one of the group, and between him and Rough Tom, as we have seen, no love was lost.

"Let's go along the line under the bridge—it's the shortest way," said Tom.

"All right," replied the others.

"Good-night, mates," said Sam when he reached the usual path; "I'm going this way."

"Afraid of seeing the doctor's ghost, eh?" sneered Tom.

"Look here," replied Sam, "if you are determined to fight, I'm willing, and I'll fight any time you're ready; but hang me if I will take any more of your blame cheek."

Colliers, as a rule, are not quarrelsome unless when in drink, so the elder men of the party prevented blows being exchanged then; but it was evident that a feud existed which could only be adjusted by the recourse to fists.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lost Princess.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE Princess Anne Lubomiski had established herself in Paris a short time before the overthrow of the old monarchy, and although stormy times were evidently close at hand, and events occurred which prompted many of the French noblesse to seek safety for life and fortune in England and Germany, she never dreamed of changing her residence, persuaded that her high rank, and the well-known fact that she was a Russian subject, would secure her from being in any way disturbed, so long as she did not meddle with plots or politics.

Robespierre had not been long in power before she learned to her cost how great a mistake she had made in trusting to such a protection.

Denounced under the absurd pretext of being a spy, and a conspirator against the Republic, the Princess was summoned to appear before the usual tribunal, was hastily tried after the fashion of the times, and was, of course, condemned to die.

When carried to prison to await the execution of the sentence no member of her family was allowed to accompany her except her daughter Rosalie, a child about five years old.

On the sad day on which the poor mother was dragged to the scaffold she commended her little orphan Rosalie to some companions in misfortune whom she found in the Conciergerie.

It so happened that each one of them, within a short period, experienced a fate similar to the tragical one of the Princess; and the poor child, adopted and bequeathed by each victim in turn, at last came into the hands of the washerwoman of the prison, named Bertot, who, though a widow, and with five children of her own dependent upon her for support, was so touched by the forlorn condition of little Rosalie, that she assumed the care of her herself.

The beauty of Rosalie, her unusual intelligence, considering her years, her gentle temper, her winning ways, and her anxious desire to help her benefactress, quickly gained the heart of the kindly washerwoman, so that she adopted the orphan, and felt for her an affection scarcely less warm than that for her own children.

A few years after the termination of the reign of terror a list of its victims who had belonged to other countries was prepared and published as widely as possible over Europe.

The brother of the Princess, the Count Rzewouski, was one day looking somewhat carelessly over this list, when his eye was arrested by the sight of his sister's name, and he then learned for the first time the horrible fate to which her misplaced confidence had condemned her.

The Count, of course, instantly started for Paris, to get possession of his niece, and to take her to her Polish home.

On his arrival in that city the authorities willingly rendered every assistance in their power to ascertain her whereabouts, but all his and their efforts were utterly fruitless, as all trace of the orphan was lost.

Advertisements appeared in all the papers offering large rewards for information, but as good Mother Bertot did not see the papers, and probably could not have read them had they fallen in her way, nothing came of them.

Month after month was spent by the Count in these useless endeavors, and at last he reluctantly prepared to return home to Poland.

On the morning of the day fixed for his departure the Count met a washerwoman and a little girl, with a basket of linen, at the entrance of the hotel at which he lodged.

He was so struck with the beauty of the girl, and with her fancied resemblance, in some respects, to his lost sister, that he stopped to have a few words with her.

It was the hand of a kind Providence, whose ways are so often not like our ways, which arrested him, for this washerwoman and her assistant were no other than the good Mother Bertot and her orphan charge.

Only a few days before this Mother Bertot had been engaged as washerwoman at the hotel, whither she was taking some newly-washed linen when the Count so happily met her.

"What is your name, my child?" asked the Count.

"Rosalie, sir," she answered.

"Rosalie, do you say? Is Rosalie really your name? My good woman," said the Count, turning to Madame Bertot, "is this your child?"

"Yes, sir, indeed she is my child, for I have supported her for three years. But when I call her my child I do not mean to say that I am actually her mother. No; she is the daughter of a poor lady who was in the prison where I once belonged, and where I found her. She has neither father nor mother. But misfortune has bound me closely to her."

"Do you say," rejoined the Count, "that she is the child of one who was in prison?"

"Yes, of a great lady who was imprisoned and guillotined, with many others, in the time of Robespierre."

The Count was instantly convinced that he had at last found his niece; but to make assurance doubly sure he addressed a few words to her in Polish.

The moment that Rosalie heard the words, which recalled the dear remembrances of her infancy, she burst into tears, and, throwing herself into the arms of the Count, she exclaimed:

"O, sir, I understand what you say—I understand what you say! Repeat the words again. It is the language in which my dear, dear mother used to talk to me."

"Rosalie! my Rosalie!" said the Count, profoundly affected and clasping the child in his arms, "I have found you at last. Yes, you are my niece, the daughter of my beloved sister!"

Then addressing the astonished washerwoman, he said:

"Brave woman, you shall be always her mother. You shall never be parted while you live. As you took the abandoned orphan into your family and cared for her with a mother's love, your family shall henceforth be part of mine."

The Count was as good as his word. Mother Bertot and her children were at once removed to handsome apartments in the hotel where the Count was stopping until he was ready to return home.

They accompanied him and Rosalie, who was subsequently married to her cousin in Poland.

Madame Bertot's sons were educated at the university of Wilna, entered the army, and were on the staff of Prince Poniatowski.

Her daughters also received ample dowries from their grateful friend, and in due time married Polish gentlemen of high social standing.

L. L. P.

A HELPING word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

Scientific and Useful.

ZINC WATER.—A New England genius has recently discovered a cheap method of dissolving zinc by combining it with hydrogen, and producing a solution called zinc water. This liquid, applied to certain woods—notably white wood—makes it absolutely fire-proof at a low cost.

UNDER WATER.—Recent experiments with the submarine boat, Le Gymnote, at Toulon, in France, were very successful. The boat moves horizontally as well as vertically, and is easily kept at any depth that is desired. It can be run at a speed of from nine to ten miles an hour. Its crew ordinarily consists of three men, but during the experiments five persons were on board.

PREPARED WICKS.—Some chemically prepared wicks are now being made for use in all kinds of oil lamps. The method of their preparation is not made public, but the form in which they are sent out, ready cut in lengths for use, is certainly an improvement on the old-fashioned method. It is claimed for these new wicks that their burning quality is 30 per cent. higher than that of the ordinary wicks.

PIANOS.—A piano tuner who says that pianos frequently deteriorate, because they are allowed to become too dry, prescribes this remedy: "Keep a growing plant in the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to or else there is something wrong with it. Just try it, and see how much more water you'll have to put in the flower-pot in the room where your piano is than in any other room. Some people keep a huge vase or urn with a sopping-wet sponge in it, near or under the piano, and keep it moistened just as a cigar dealer keeps stock."

GAS AND CANDLE.—A new candle has been brought out which extinguishes itself in an hour. This it does by means of a tiny extinguisher of tin which is fastened in the wax by wires, and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is again ready to burn another hour. An automatic gas extinguisher has also lately been patented, which consists of a spring stop-cock, which shuts automatically when the gas is extinguished. The mechanism used is based on the lineal expansion of metals.

NEW STIRRUP.—A new stirrup which provides an absolute guarantee against being dragged, has recently been patented. There is nothing peculiar in the appearance of these stirrups at first sight, but closer observation shows that the strapping is fitted into a spring clip, which opens only laterally, and consequently is kept securely closed so long as the stirrup is perpendicular. But in the event of the rider being thrown, the strain on the stirrup, should the rider's foot remain in it, would at once release it from the strap, and so lessen the danger. This simple appliance seems to offer a ready means of safeguard in riding a horse that is at all likely to throw one.

Farm and Garden.

THE PROFITS.—The profits of dairying are made up of the small daily savings, of the differences between the cost of production and value of the milk or butter. A saving of 10 cents per day in a herd of fifty cows amounts to $5; in a month to $150.

HAY STACKS.—It is a curious fact that wasps' nests sometimes take fire, as is supposed by the chemical action of the wasp upon the material of which the nest is composed. Undoubtedly many fires of unknown origin in hay stacks and farm buildings may thus be accounted for.

EVERY ACRE.—Make every acre rich as you go, and let weeds and grass grow on the poor lands and plow them in, or sow cow peas and plow them in. Peas, home-made manure, including leaves and ashes, in time make a small farm, garden and orchard rich if the farmer has ten or a dozen head of cattle and a pair of mules and his stock increasing.

SWINDLING FARMERS.—Depravity is no name for some of the rascality that goes on in this world. The Chief of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry has discovered that certain small farmers have been carrying on a cute swindle with Uncle Sam as the victim. The swindle consists in stocking a farm with cheap cattle, inoculating them by contact with a diseased carcass and then notifying the Inspector and obtaining the price of good cattle as damages.

BACON AND CHICKEN.—It has been asserted that a given amount of food and attention will produce as many pounds of chicken flesh as it will of hog flesh. If so, why cannot farmers make poultry-raising profitable and eat nutritious chicken meat instead of so much bacon? A pound of fowl flesh will produce more physical strength and muscular power than a pound of fat bacon, but there are many people who do believe it.

GRAIN FOR POULTRY.—By pouring boiling water over any kind of grain, and allowing the grain to remain twenty-four hours, it will swell and prove an acceptable change to the fowls. The soaked grain undergoes a partial chemical change, contains a slightly larger proportion of sugar, and is really more digestible. Nothing is added to the grain by soaking it, but it will be more readily eaten for some time than dry grain, though the birds will return to dry grain as a preference if fed too long on that which is soaked.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 10, 1880.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising Rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 728 Sansom St.

TO FRIENDS AND READERS.

We hope that those of our friends and readers who are kindly in the habit of getting up clubs for THE POST, will enter the field as soon as possible this year and try at least to double their old lists. We also hope our readers who have not heretofore sent us a club will try to do so now.

We wish to get a great many more clubs for this year, and trust every one of our present subscribers will make an extra effort to secure one or more new friends for us.

THE POST is much lower in price than any other first class family paper in the country, and we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands to whom it may still be a stranger, save, perhaps, by reputation. Of course we must depend in a great degree upon our present subscribers, friends and readers to show THE POST to their acquaintances and neighbors, and to speak a good word in our behalf. Their return for such efforts must be the pleasure they give to others, the consciousness of assisting in the good work of circulating THE POST, and enabling us to make it better, more useful and entertaining than ever before. Will they try and do it for us? Let each of our present friends and subscribers try to get one new subscriber at least.

Sample copies for the purpose will be sent to those who wish them.

In the Evening Time.

When "the quiet eventail," as the poet termed it, is come, most of us are, no doubt, in possession of the most welcome part of that period of time which is ruled by "the greater light." The day is then about to yield its tenure of the world to night, and there is, as it were, a clasping of hands and a pause.

For a few moments the day and the night in sweet accord sit down together; and while the latter is equipped in readiness for her share of toil, the former stoops down leisurely to loose the latchets of his sandal shoon for rest.

Silence is the peculiar characteristic of the evening hour, the embodiment of its chief condition, and she doth set her hand with soothing touch upon creation's brow. The pale-faced moon, scarce seen by human eye, smiles on the world as smiles the mother on her sleeping child.

The tenants of the fields and hills lie motionless. Peace seems to peer from heaven itself with loving gaze, while earth in deep tranquility, of blissfulness becomes the fairest solitude. Milton expressed this condition by saying that "Silence was pleased." Such silence, too, is pleasing.

Calm and silence claim the eventail as their own specific season, for, "at shut of evening flowers," as a master hand phrased it, they steal upon the world and reverently hush all nature's sounds, as if the spirit of the universe, walking in vast solitudes of contemplation, went by upon his daily round.

At such a time, external things to harmony compose the human spirit; it becomes sublimely tender, solemnly serene; and, from the seeds of thought at such a season sown, spring forth the noblest actions of the after days.

To the average human being this season is healthful, restful and suited for the recuperation of the day-worn powers of body and mind alike.

It is "Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer," said Byron. It has a look of rest to those who toil with hand or brain, and, when allowed to have its rightful sway, it tones the mind and calms the pulse to peacefulness.

It is a great boon to humanity, for it serveth as a bridge, o'er which we pass from out the toils of day into the repose of night.

The eventall is conducive to meditation on the highest themes. The spirit then feels cared for, with a care beyond its own; it is in the world, yet not of it, for there is removed away from sight and feeling many noisome things.

Trouble and wretchedness fall off like a burden, and in their stead there ariseth comfort and hope and love.

At the time of the quiet eventall there arise thoughts of the near and the dear ones "who cluster round our hearths," and we remember them with a deeply felt desire to love them more completely than the coming days.

Then, too, at that time there come into the mind brief, passing thoughts of those who have been opposed to us in the struggle of life; of those who have thoughtlessly hindered or harmed us; but we remember them with kindly feelings of forgiveness in our hearts, and there arises a strong determination to do all we can to turn our foes to friends.

And then, to crown all, as the sun sinks in glory far out in the west, while the amber wake still marks his western way, and lurid glory gleams far up the sky, and while the gentle stars peep out to watch the daylight die, and as heavenly powers are "gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy" itself, we have "token of a goodly day to morrow," as Shakespeare expressed it; and, at the same time, we have a suggestion, if we have not a prophecy, of the splendor of the larger day of ever-during light.

BE not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation; in such a combat he is the bravest soldier that lays about him without fear or wit. Wit pleads, fear dishearteus; he that would kill Hydra had better strike off one neck than five heads. Fell the tree, and the branches are soon cut off.

DEMEAN thyself more warily in thy study than in the street: If thy public actions have a hundred witnesses, thy private have a thousand. The multitude looks but upon thy actions; thy conscience looks into them. The multitude may chance to excuse thee, if not acquit thee; thy conscience will accuse thee, if not condemn thee.

POVERTY has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.

METHOD means, primarily, a way or path of transit. From this we are to understand that the first idea of method is a progressive transition from one step to another in any course. If in the right course, it will be the true method; if in the wrong, we cannot hope to progress.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue, but the finishing strokes are from the will; which, if well disposed, will, by degrees, perfect: if ill-disposed, will, by the super-induction of ill habits, quickly deface it.

THERE would not be any absolute necessity for reserve if the world were honest; yet even then it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

COMPOSE thy mind, and prepare thy soul calmly to obey. Such offering will be more acceptable to God than every other sacrifice. He who sheds the blood of a victim offers the blood of another at His throne; he who obeys offers up his own will as his gift.

NATURE has made us passive, and to suffer is our lot. While we are in the flesh every man has his chain and his clog; only it is looser and lighter to one man than to another, and he is more at ease who takes it up and carries it than he who drags it.

OUR nature is like the sea, which gains by the flow of the tide in one place what it has lost by the ebb in another. A man may acquiesce in the method which God takes to mortify his pride; but he is in danger of growing proud of the mortification.

ALWAYS win fools first. They talk much, and what they have once uttered they will stick to; whereas, there is always time, up to the last moment, to bring before a wise man arguments that may entirely change his opinion.

HEAVEN and God are best discerned through tears; scarcely perhaps are discerned at all without them. The constant association of prayer with the hour of bereavement and the scenes of death suffice to show this.

THE tender words and loving deeds which we scatter for the hearts which are nearest to us are immortal seeds, that will spring up in everlasting beauty, not only in our own lives, but in the lives of those born after us.

THERE are two modes of establishing our reputation: to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be, invariably, accompanied by the latter.

EDUCATION and instruction are the means—the one by use, the other by precept—to make our natural faculty of reason both the better and the sooner to judge rightly between truth and error, good and evil.

PROFANITY never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser, for it. It commends no one to society: it is disgusting to the refined and abominable to the good.

NOTHING is so uncertain as general reputation. A man injures me from humor, passion, or interest; hates me because he has injured me, and speaks ill of me because he hates me.

SCARCELY have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, "I may say, without vanity," but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

SUFFERING becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.

IN proportion as nations get more corrupt, more disgrace will be considered to attach to poverty, and more respect to wealth.

MASTER thyself: so mayest thou teach others, and easily tame them, after having tamed thyself; for self is hardest to tame.

BE rude to none; rudeness harms not even the humblest and poorest to whom it is directed, but it injures the exhibitors.

FOUR things come not back: The spoken word; the sped arrow; the past life; the neglected opportunity.

The World's Happenings.

Nevada indulges in bear fights.

New York city has 427 miles of street sewers.

There are 3000 professional tramps in California.

No woman has been hanged in Pennsylvania since 1850.

An Indiana man has been convicted of stealing 340 plows.

Narrow-toed shoes are again becoming fashionable for men.

A cane or umbrella handle, with a timepiece set in it, is a novelty.

A daily consumption of needles in this country is said to be 4,200,000.

Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal, is said to have a clearly defined moustache.

Emperor William has forbidden horse racing in Prussia on Sunday and holy days.

Mrs Mary Patten, though 93 years old, has a Sunday-school class at Taunton, Mass.

A man hanged himself at Bedford, Ill., because his daughter's husband deserted her.

An Austrian Count has had a railway built on his domain which is propelled by mule.

In the stomach of a bear recently killed in Northern Michigan was found a box of sardines.

The colored janitor of the Court House of Campbell county, Va., is the father of 33 children.

Mrs. Titus, of Chicago, has accomplished the feat of eating one quail a day for 30 days.

Four members of a Wellington, Canada, family have been killed by falling trees within three months.

If marriage is a failure, why did a couple of 87 and 91 years of age respectively get married recently?

"I'll cure that cough for 50 cents," is the inscription on a sign displayed in a New York druggist's window.

No student who smokes can obtain a scholarship at Dartmouth College. It is a new rule of the faculty.

Lawrence, Kan., has a pair of calves which present the general architectural features of the Siamese twins.

It is a customary remark that wrinkles come from worrying, but a physician says most of them come from laughing.

Some of the handsomest shops in Paris are now devoted to the sale of Japanese wares, and are wholly conducted by Japs.

In England recently a judge ordered a Quaker to leave the court, and would not hear his testimony, because he refused to remove his hat.

A Ulysses, Neb., man has built the "largest corn crib on earth." It is 400 feet long, 12 feet wide and 12 feet high, and holds 25,000 bushels.

During a transfer of silver from the New Orleans mint to Washington, $1 500 was mysteriously stolen and bird shot substituted in the money bags.

The weather was so spring like on Christmas day in the Catskill Mountain region that bees and butterflies came out in swarms, lured by the hot sun.

"If you don't want to buy, come in anyway and pet our cat," is a friendly invitation which a sign in front of a Sedalia, Mo., store holds out to passers by.

A horse thief, who has been working actively in St. Louis for several months past, recently fell a victim to the police. He is 80 years old and as feeble as the average octogenarian.

A St. Louis boy spent a dollar of the money that he had collected for his father, who whipped him for the offence. The youngster went directly to the river and drowned himself.

Paul Barabon and wife, who became inmates of the Hartford, Conn., almshouse recently, have received notice of a legacy of $20,000 from an uncle, and enough money to take them over the sea.

Micajah Henley, the man who invented roller skates, lives in Richmond, Ind. He was a poor wood sawyer, and it took nearly his last dollar to pay for his patent, but the craze for skating that spread over the country made him rich.

There are so many candidates in the field for the postmastership at Corinna, Me., that the people have decided to vote on the matter at a town meeting. The candidate receiving the most votes will be recommended for the appointment.

One of the latest "wrinkles" in photography is the ghost picture, in which a person's likeness is taken by an instantaneous exposure, with a result so shadowy that the background, subjected to a longer exposure, can be seen through the ghost.

A man in Malton, Nev., tipped a couple of barrels of whisky into a natural spring which flowed on his premises, and invited all the ranchmen for miles around to come and see it. The next day he sold the spring for $10,000 in gold dust and fled the country.

The bringing of a suit for breach of promise for $5,000 by Miss Catharine Theresa McEvoy against John Butterick has caused a great stir in Lowell, Mass. She has waited 20 years for Butterick to marry her, and now she's going to put a stop to the parley. Butterick used to say, "We will be married soon," and thus the years went by.

A discussion recently arose among the marketmen at the Jersey City abattoir regarding the largest sheep that had ever been sold there. The records were procured, and a search for 15 years back revealed that the largest sheep in that time was one of a consignment of three that weighed 1200 pounds, the heaviest of the three weighing 450 pounds.

THE SNOW.

BY H. J. S.

O for the snow—the feathery snow!
When the trees stand shivering and bare:
When the cold winds blow and the streams run slow,
It danceth like moss in the air.

O for the snow—the feathery snow!
And the north breeze bracing the mind,
As o'er the fixed ice like an arrow we glide,
Though the white glare near makes us blind.

O for the snow—the feathery snow—
That Love's hand scattereth wide,
In the woods, on the hills, on the ice-bound rills,
Till the dull earth's clad like a bride.

My Shepherdess.

BY T. G. BETHANY.

MY father had been a portrait-painter of some little note in his day, but he died while I was still in the nursery, leaving my mother to determine my career for me.

She fondly, but erroneously, imagining that the mantle of my father must of necessity descend upon his only child, had me educated as an artist.

I am not clear that she could have taken a better course, for I was one of those awkward and tantalising specimens of humanity who exhibit no marked bias or predilection to help a decision.

I distributed my affections with magnificent impartiality between music, science, art, indeed anything to which a friend or a circumstance called my fleeting attention.

In due course I went to the Academy, and had the opportunity of seeing (I do not go so far as to say studying) the antagonistic methods of the great painters of the day, also of learning what my fellow-students could teach me. They, too, were not without their conflicting ideas upon art, but concerning me they had a unanimous opinion: it was, that I should never paint a decent picture.

I regret to have to record that, up to the present, nothing has occurred to prove that opinion ill founded.

I did, however, develop a talent for "patching and mending," which has stood me in good stead as regards that great question, an income; a necessary my father had no more bequeathed to me than his genius.

I tried my hand first upon a portrait of my great aunt (which I am sorry to say had fallen a victim to the toy-pistol of my knickerbocker days), and so completely did I restore the lady to her former appearance that I had the gratification of hearing my work ungrudgingly praised by some of my father's old friends; my first experience of the kind.

"If you cannot paint an original picture," said one of them, "at least you can restore one in a manner truly brilliant."

So in the course of time I got a great deal of this work to do, and took a real pleasure in it.

One morning, after I had been following this vocation for some three years with success, I found, on entering my mother's breakfast-room, a letter from an old fellow-student. A rich widower living in the country had, it appeared, purchased a number of dilapidated pictures which he considered too valuable to be trusted out of his sight, and he wanted someone trustworthy to restore them on the spot.

"I have ventured," wrote my friend, "to mention your name to him, but I warn you that the pictures are in all probability mere rubbish, for Mr. Heath is a known victim of unprincipled dealers, and can be persuaded to buy any picture, provided it has a sufficient number of coats of dirt and varnish to render it dark and mysterious. But, my dear Compton, he will pay like a prince; and rumor goes that he has an uncommonly pretty daughter!"

I smiled at the last sentence. My correspondent (Burnleigh by name) was in and out of love three times a year on an average, while I was either so unattractive or so over-fastidious that I had no tender episode of my own to relate at the club or dream of in the solitude of my studio. It was said of me that I should end by marrying a lady chiefly conspicuous for the absence of all the charms which theoretically I was known to set such store by. But in this case my friends prophesied less truly than they did about my painting, as this story will show.

A few days after the receipt of Burnleigh's letter all my arrangements were complete, and I set forth to perform my "patching task" at Mr. Heath's residence among the Surrey hills, and possibly, thought I speculatively, to fall in love with the pretty daughter. But withal I was sceptical.

Arriving at Farley Station I made my way, by means of the compass I always carried, through the pine-clad hills towards Thornton, a distance of three miles or so. I had not advised Mr. Heath of the hour at which I should arrive, because, living in London, I had looked to this walk with pleasure.

It was July, and the day was so bright that I left my light overcoat and umbrella at the railway station to follow on with my luggage. I had not proceeded more than a mile when I regretted the circumstance, for the sky changed and a wind sprang up and whistled among the pine-trees. There was a distant thunder. I rather enjoyed a good thunder-storm as a rule, for it roused my sense of the sublime and usually produced a poem. Have I said that I occasionally "dropped into poetry," like Mr. Wegg? Not, however, for the benefit of my friends, being much too wise for that.

Nevertheless, I did not go so far as to be willing to pay the price of a wetting for an inspiration, and I regretted my umbrella. Presently my regret changed into a devout thanksgiving, for the lack of an umbrella gave me the most delicious quarter of an hour of my life.

Some three hundred yards ahead of me I caught a glimpse of a graceful little figure tripping along with two milk-white goats beside her. The distance was too great to allow of my noting details, but the grace of the lithe figure, the poetry of the movements, were superb. I had discovered a sylvan shepherdess. She was tending goats, not sheep; but just as one rounds a story for the sake of harmony, so one rounds a vision to suit a sentiment. For me then she was a shepherdess, and the goats were lambs. I had practical proof of their being goats, an unpleasant and convincing proof, later on; but no matter, where was the pot of honey without its proverbial fly?

On the rising ground in front of my shepherdess was a grand old oak which had taken up its abode among the pines, and stretched out its long leafy branches among them as if appealing to them to be neighborly.

My shepherdess, thought I, must be aware of the approaching storm like myself, and would probably seek the shelter of this oak, which I deemed an appropriate refuge for myself also.

I hurried on, breaking into song as I went, for as birds sing in the sunshine, so this bright vision demanded some outward expression of gladness.

My speculation regarding the oak-tree proved correct. The little maid took up her position under the sheltering branches, her white goats at her skirts.

But before I could reach the spot down came the rain in torrents, and I had to turn up my coat-collar and turn down the brim of my felt hat to let the water off and run for it.

Arriving under the tree, I politely bowed to my shepherdess, affecting to see her for the first time.

The water from my hat chanced to salute one of the goats as I did this, and he returned the salutation with his horns upon my legs—not at all playfully.

At this sally the goat's mistress laughed saucily, and I laughed, though my legs were tingling. A laugh in common is a capital introduction.

And now I really looked at my companion at close quarters for the first time. How fair she was! and how quaintly dressed! She resembled nothing so much as a Dresden statuette.

Her soft brown hair was plaited in two long plaits which terminated in blue ribbon below the waist.

She wore a flowered cambric polonaise looped up in coquettish pouls over a quilted skirt of a moss-green color, short enough to exhibit dainty feet and ankles clad in black silk and buckled shoes.

The laughing face peeped coyly but saucily from under the broad-brimmed hat. It would have taken captive a veritable misanthropo, and this I was not.

Down pelted the rain; would it could last an hour! My shepherdess was not afraid of thunder, however, I observed inwardly and ruefully, for then it might have afforded an excuse for holding one of the little freckled hands.

But, fortunately, she was not afrrid of me either, so we chatted merrily of rain and goats, of the change the seasons bring, and finally of pixies and sprigans, which she told me still haunted these woods, only she had not seen any herself she confessed.

For myself, I would not have asserted as much at that moment.

And now it maliciously stopped raining and my pretty companion prepared to depart with her goats.

"'Where are you going to, my pretty maid?'" I quoted.

"'Going a-milking, sir,'" she said, following up the rhyme.

"'And how do they name you, my pretty maid?'" I said as a variation.

"'That is a secret, sir,'" she said.

"'And won't you discover it, my pretty maid?'"

"'I wish you good-morning, sir,'" she said, and she tripped away between the trees, pelting me with soft laughter as she went.

And I stood looking after her till she disappeared, and I wondered if I had been dreaming.

"What will Miss Heath appear like after this?" I meditated. "She must be a beauty indeed not to appear plain after my Dresden shepherdess."

And plain (enough and to spare) Miss Heath turned out to be when I met her at dinner that evening.

* * * * * *

Thornton Lodge I discovered to be a sort of hospital for old and infirm pictures. The walls of the spacious entrance hall and noble staircase were literally crammed with framed objects.

But I looked in vain for one picture upon which to rest my eyes for an instant with pleasure.

The same fate—or rather, to be more correct, a worse one—awaited me in the drawroom, into which a footman introduced me majestically as "Mr. Compton, the Artist!"

The happy possessor of this art-treasury came forward at once and welcomed me cordially. He was tall and grey-headed and had a particularly pleasant and agreeable smile.

Indeed, apart from his art mania, I found him an agreeable companion. His kindness was genuine and invariable during the whole period of my stay in his house, and I acquired a real liking for him. But this is anticipating.

The remains of afternoon tea stood upon a little table. This was to my mind the one redeeming feature of the room, for the silver was of excellent form and pattern. The china I recognized at a glance to be Sevres.

My host insisted on more tea being brought for me, though I assured him I needed nothing till dinner.

He also told the servant to inform Miss Heath of my arrival, expressing his regret that I had not written to let him know at what time I should come, that he might send the carriage to meet me. In reply I told him how much I had enjoyed the walk.

"What!" said Mr. Heath incredulously. "Enjoy a walk in a pelting rain!"

I murmured something inarticulate about the beauty of pinewoods in rain, and then the footman reappeared with tea and an excuse from Miss Heath, adding that "she would have the pleasure of meeting me at dinner."

"Never mind," said my host jovially, "we can look at the pictures."

So presently, cup in hand, I had to make the tour of the room under guidance of my host, who was a walking catalogue, and in this capacity reminded me of nothing so much as the guidance in the cocked hat at a certain panorama in Paris.

Such a higgledy-piggledy collection it has never been my lot to witness anywhere else.

From dado to ceiling, prints, water-colors, oils and etchings displayed themselves in bewildering chaos.

The quaint and the sober, the sedate and gay, hung side by side; water-colors of sparkling cascades and dreamy landscape stood sentinel on either side of a sombre etching of a Dutch interior.

The smiling "Portrait of a Lady," in theatrical costume, paired off with an engraving of a woe-begone dog keeping watch over a coffin covered by a pall.

Everywhere sentiments were hopelessly mixed; on all sides the incongruous.

I began to be desperately bored by the time dinner was announced, for my host had a story to tell of every picture, bearing on its purchase.

"I make it the business of my life to unearth art-treasures," he said to me on the way to the dining-room.

I should like to have made it my business to inter his whole collection, I thought, but I said:

"What do you propose to do with your art-treasures?"

He turned his benevolent gaze upon me.

"In case of my death," he made answer, "I have willed my collection to the National Gallery."

I could scarcely avoid a smile as I replied hypocritically, "Don't you think that rather too royal a gift?"

He looked at me critically for a moment and then said: "One can never do too much for one's country."

We had now entered the dining-room, and I was presented to Miss Heath, whom we found there.

She was a faded blonde, with weak eyes and a faint voice. She looked, as to age, anything between thirty and sixty-five years.

It was impossible to make even a remote guess at it, unless one considered it in relation to that of her father; then one gave her, thirty years.

"Uncommonly pretty daughter," indeed! Burnleigh had had a good joke at my expense.

But oh, if he could see my Dresden shepherdess! On the whole, I was rather glad he could not.

It is not pleasant to quarrel with an old friend.

Miss Heath spoke seldom, and then she chose the monosyllable form of speech as far as she might.

She was one of those uncomfortable people who never use your name in addressing you. She addressed Mr. Heath and me alike with an indefinite "you."

At dinner "art" was served with every course. It was quite impossible to lead the conversation into any other channel even by attempting the most cunning dodges.

I gave up in despair after a dozen attempts worse than futile, and listened to my host's dissertations upon the preservation of prints as patiently as I possibly could.

In the dining-room, which was also used for breakfast, Mr. Heath had a number of those frames known as "case-frames," into which he could introduce a new picture at will.

It followed that on entering the room every morning I looked for some new horror in these case frames, and I must say I was not often disappointed, only the phrase does not express my sensation.

Well, then, to return to the dinner. My host told one amusing story—to most least—when he had successfully disposed of varnishes, tin-foil, woods and their absorption of damp, &c.

It appeared that a dealer had given him a little surprise in a change of pictures one morning, and not a welcome one at the time.

This dealer had condemned certain pictures in this dining-room, and offered to replace them by something "really good." No arrangement had been come to, and the dealer departed without pressing the matter.

A few mornings later, however, Mr. Heath entered his dining-room with a huge portfolio, to change some of the pictures in the case-frames, when to his amazement, an entirely different set of oil paintings met his gaze.

When he had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to make inquiries, he learnt that the dealer had arrived quite early in the morning accompanied by a wagon and a number of men.

The arrival of pictures was so frequent an occurrence that it had excited no suspicion on the part of the servants, who only wondered a little that the master had not risen to superintend the hanging, as he usually did.

However they had not disturbed him, imagining that he knew all about it. So when the master at last appeared his pictures were miles away.

"And that is all," said my host with an ill-expression. "That dealer turned up here the day after, and called upon me to exhibit gratitude and enthusiasm, and to pay $250, as my commercials only went part way towards payment for the gems of which he described me as the 'happy possessor.'"

"And you paid it?" I inquired with a show of real interest (for I was not without a suspicion that the only pictures of value had been carried off).

"Oh yes," he made answer, with a return to good humor. "One should always keep on good terms with one's dealer—he can do much for one."

"So it appears," I replied.

And all the time the art collection was on the *tapis* Miss Heath's eyes accused me of breaking at least one clause of the tenth commandment.

Of course I must envy a man such a collection: how could it be otherwise?

The following morning after breakfast I was put in possession of the "dilapidated rags" I was to turn into pictures.

My studio—a very good one—was entered through a long passage, and was of course the top of the house.

Leading from it was a long picture gallery for myself, a privilege I resolved not to avail myself of, having been satisfied with art at Thornton Lodge.

This resolution brought me a very odd experience.

I had commenced upon one of the pictures, and had so placed myself that I could see the end of the long gallery.

Among the crowd of portraits there, my eyes caught sight of one empty frame.

Being in a sentimental mood since yesterday, I tried to imagine the face of my lovely shepherdess within it.

It was not difficult to call up the laughing face under the broad-brimmed hat, and presently I seemed to see the brown eyes glancing and the saucy mouth smiling from that empty frame.

Day after day I so called up the sweet vision. This was perhaps, very absurd, but my foolishness did not end here as I expected.

I took up a habit of wafting kisses from my finger-tips to this creation of my seeming fancy!

Could Burnleigh have known, he would have called to my remembrance that well-worn adage which has reference to "little things and little minds."

It must be imagined, however, that, while thus romantically devoted to the shadow, I made no effort to become equally so to the substance. But the rub was that I could not find it.

I made afternoon excursions into the pine-woods; I prosecuted myself to buy a glass of milk at all the farmhouses in the neighborhood; but not a glimpse of my divinity rewarded my diligence and self-sacrifice. "How self-sacrifice?" asks the reader. Well, all my friends know that milk gives me an agonizing pain in the chest.

A week passed away, and I began to think I had created the original as well as the imaginary picture.

In other words, I thought I had gone to sleep and dreamed the whole thing. And this is what gave me the notion.

I was in my studio as usual one morning, and glancing at the empty frame in a pause in my work, I saw the girlish face gravely watching me through it. I had never called up so vivid a picture before in my life.

It was more real, more lifelike, than any of the actual portraits around it. The brown eyes looked steadily into mine; the coloring of the sweet still face was warm and bright as the sky at sunshine.

An uncanny feeling crept over me. I could not move my eyes from the spot, though I tried to do so.

The vision did not fade; it persisted during several moments, then vanished completely.

I now made a frantic rush towards the spot, but my mad career was cut short by the polished oak floor. I would like to omit this incident, but I must be faithful.

My heels slipped from under me, and I fell full length upon my back, in which undignified position my host saw me, for he entered my studio at the very moment, and having ascertained that I was unhurt, seemed to derive considerable amusement from the incident.

I did not rush at the empty frame again, nor did I call up any visions in it. I thought it could not be a healthy condition of mind I had been cultivating.

I was, moreover, of opinion that if I could see my shepherdess so plainly on one occasion where she could not be, it might be that my imagination had but played a similar part in the pine-wood.

However, dream or no dream, it had taken such possession of me that the loss of it gave me real pain.

I grew gloomy and looked out of health. My host plied me with champagne and begged me not to work so hard. I assured him I was well.

But for days I lost my appetite and worked apathetically, never raising my eyes to look towards the empty frame.

I smoked innumerable cigarettes. Once I abstractedly inserted the lighted end of my cigarette in my mouth—a circumstance calculated to bring even a love-sick swain to his senses.

In the start I gave I chanced to glance down the gallery. Good heavens! there was a face in that frame again.

Involuntarily I touched my burnt lips with my finger-tips and waited my usual salute. My eyes were watery from the effect of the sudden burn.

I passed my hand across them and then saw clearly—but what did I see! and with what horror and confusion I saw it, no words can tell.

It was not the face of my phantom shepherdess that occupied the frame this time, but that of Miss Heath—Miss Heath with a flushed and indignant countenance! In a moment the truth dawned upon me. This was Miss Heath in the flesh; the frame was an aperture leading into an ante-chamber! Why had I not thought of this long before now?

What a fool I had been! and what a scrape my folly had brought me into! I must at once follow Miss Heath and render my abject apologies, and an explanation which I knew no sane person could be expected believe. It to was not an enviable position.

I made my way to the antechamber, and there, instead of Miss Heath, I found—yes, incredible as it may appear—I found my Dresden shepherdess smothering her laughter in a little lace handkerchief! At the sight of my bewilderment she only laughed the more.

I spoke no word; I stood and looked at her stupidly enough, I dare say.

"You will prettily catch it," said the saucy little lady at length when she had managed to control her laughter enough to speak. "My aunt has gone to tell papa," and she broke into another peal of childish laughter.

"Please don't laugh," said I reprovingly. "It is no laughing matter for me, I can tell you. It is all your fault, too, and you ought to help me out. And do explain this mystery. You spoke of your aunt and your papa. Are you, then, Miss Heath?"

"Yes; that is, I am Margaret Heath, and my aunt is Miss Heath. But how can it be my fault that you acted so rude towards my aunt?"

She spoke just as naturally as if she had always known me.

"I will tell you how it is your fault," said I, quite forgetting that I had no right to be talking to her so, but I was so happy to be near her again. "But first tell me where and wherefore they have hidden you from me all this time."

"They were afraid——" and my little lady broke off and looked at me with that whimsical expression that comes of intense amusement combined with shyness.

"What were they afraid of, Madge?—they call you Madge, don't they? They ought, you know."

"They do. How did you find it out?" she asked.

"Never mind that; tell me what they were afraid of."

She still smiled and hesitated.

"Tell me, Madge—do, or I shall guess it."

"I think I will tell you," said Madge, "because it will tease Aunt Isabel. They were afraid you would—you would—want to marry me!"

The last words came with a rush, and Madge bounded away when she had uttered them. I stepped in front and barred her passage.

"Madge, I haven't told you what you asked me yet!" (I had forgotten all about Aunt Isabel's wrath, and her present errand.)

"What should you think if I really did want to marry you?"

"Oh, they would be so cross," cried Madge; "they would say you wanted the pictures, and I was a way to get them."

"But what would you say, Madge? Their opinion is of no consequence; and as to the pictures, I wouldn't have them at a gift!"

I had advanced so far as to touch Madge's hand; she had drawn it away, but she had not resented it.

She was about to say something, when in walked her father and aunt.

It was an awful moment. I looked guiltily from one to the other.

Mr. Heath's face wore an expression of anger such as I had never seen on it before. Miss Isabel looked at me reproachfully. Was ever a man in such a position before?

I had thrown kisses to the aunt; I was now—a few minutes after—discovered in the act of making love to the niece.

It was on Madge that the wrathful father bent his gaze. If he had looked at her, what might I expect?

"Margaret," he began sternly, "I would not have had this happen for five hundred dollars."

"Indeed, sir," I interrupted, "it was all my fault. I alone am to blame for all this."

"Then, Mr. Compton, I think you ought to be ashamed to own it," answered the irate gentleman.

I begged him to allow me to explain, and while I was doing so I observed Miss Isabel Heath motioning me to be silent. What could she mean?

"No explanation can give me back my pictures!" said Mr. Heath hotly. "If you saw the goats, why, in the name of humanity, didn't you drive them out?"

"Pictures! Goats! Then it was not a question of Madge, and me, and the spinster aunt at all!

"Those goats," went on the father of my divinity, "have butted holes in two of my pictures, which were by ill-chance within their reach."

"I will put them right," said I reassuringly. He seemed mollified, for his next words were uttered without apparent anger.

"But the goats ought to go away," he said. Tears came into Madge's eyes; he saw them and added with a smile, "Don't cry, Madge, you may keep them, if only you won't let them come into the house any more."

He then turned to me with his old gracious manner and said: "My little girl is nearly a woman now, but her aunt keeps her a child. I think I shall undertake the charge of her myself." And he took her hand in his and led her away, patting her cheek affectionately, as if to atone for having spoken harshly to her.

I was alone with Miss Heath.

"I haven't told him yet," she simpered, "and I won't at all, if you will promise never to do it again."

"Indeed, Miss Heath, this is very generous. I give you my word of honor it never shall occur again. It was all a mistake. I had no notion it was you—indeed I did not."

"Mr. Compton!" Oh that I could convey the tone in which this was uttered. I understood at once that the lady had expected something different. But no matter; she withdrew, and scarcely spoke to me again while I remained at the Thornton Lodge.

I soon learnt that my shepherdess had been in the habit of watching me at my work.

I learnt, too, that she "liked me a little." Before my work was complete I had put the momentous question to her father. He gave his consent, provided I would wait three years, when Madge would be twenty. "It will be so nice to have a son-in-law to advise about the pictures," he said to his sister, who, however, expressed no interest at all in the matter.

Two years and six months have passed. Margaret is lovelier than ever.

Will the remaining months ever pass? Truly they seem an eternity.

The Silver Gray.

BY W. S. F.

"IT'S spoilt, Seth; it's completely spoilt!—utterly ruined; and I never felt so grieved before. Do wake up, and come and look at it!"

Honest Seth Lane, who, with a silk handkerchief over his head, was enjoying his after-dinner nap in a hugh arm-chair in front of the fire, started, stared, rubbed his eyes, and answered at random:

"You always have spoiled the children, especially your boys, Elizabeth, so it's no use to come to me complaining of them!"

"The boys, indeed!" his wife echoed, indignantly; "you would not find better little fellows in all London. I'll not deny that Willie is getting too big for home teaching, and ought to be sent to school; but I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Lane, for grumbling at your own dear children!"

"Me! did I say a word about them? I thought it was your!"

"Nonsense, Seth! How slow of comprehension you always are when you are sleepy! I was talking to you of the misfortune I have had. My favorite dress, the silver-gray satin you gave me for the Lord Mayor's ball three winters ago, is ruined—utterly ruined!"

"Humph! it cost me twelve pounds without the dressmaker's bill; and I think I have seen you wear it twice!"

"It was too good, as well as too pretty, to be worn on any but special occasions," his wife answered, mournfully. "I prized it all the more because it suited me so well, and fitted admirably. I shall never like a dress so well, never!"

"But you are not going to cry over it! Elizabeth, Bessie—Bess, my darling—how can you, a wife and a mother, be so babyish as to shed all those tears over an old gown? Now wipe your eyes, and I'll buy you another."

"Indeed you shall not! It would look as if I cried to get one. I'm very much obliged to you all the same, my dear old man," and Mrs. Lane kissed her husband heartily; "and I daresay it is foolish of me to fret, but it's such a strange, such a provoking occurence, that it has quite upset me."

"What's happened? Has the moth got into the satin? You should have peppered it well."

Mrs. Lane laughed rather hysterically.

"Don't be so stupid, Seth! the moth only devours woollen goods. My pretty dress had not a spot or a stain upon it the last time I looked at it, which must be nearly a year ago; and now——"

She put up her hands and breathed such a sigh, that her husband pulled her down on his knee, and gave her a bear's hug to comfort her.

"I know!" he said, confidently; "it's mildew. The gown was put away without airing, like the tablecloth you showed me not long since."

"But it isn't mildew," his wife retorted; "it's a large patch of what looks and smells like a chemical mixture, and it has penetrated every fold of the dress except the outer one."

"Bless my heart! how did you do it? Spilt some wine over it, eh?"

"Seth!" and Mrs. Lane sprang up incensed at the supposition. "Haven't I been a member of a temperance guild ever since we married? Wine, indeed! What will you say next? It's a most ridiculous question to put to me."

"Of course—of course; but someone else might have stumbled against you at supper and turned the contents of his glass into your lap."

"Could such a thing happen without my knowing it? Now pray don't trouble yourself to make any more of these wild suppositions, because they are too absurd; but come and look at the dress. It was such an uncommon and yet ladylike one! I meant to wear it to-morrow at Evelyn Blake's wedding. I thought it only wanted a little fresh lace and so on, but when I saw its condition I felt as if I should have dropped. The poor children were frightened at me."

Being a good-natured man, Mr. Lane arose directly and accompanied his lady to the drawing-room, where—spread out on a table, with three of the Misses Lane surveying it from a cautious distance, as if it were some dangerous combustible—lay the silver-gray satin gown so dear to their mother's heart.

It had not been placed in the large, light closet where her dresses and mantles generally hung side by side with her husband's coats; but, carefully folded and pinned in a wrapper to guard it from dust, it kept company on a shelf in a wardrobe with the wreath and veil and rich white silk of her wedding attire.

To this wardrobe no one was allowed to go without her knowledge and sanction; in fact, the key was always with those of her money-drawer and trinket case on the small ring she kept in her pocket quite distinct from the housekeeping keys.

In this wardrobe Mrs. Lane believed all her treasurers were safely stored, yet here was an unpleasant proof to the contrary; for, as she had just been telling her husband, every fold of the glossy satin was disfigured with dark satins which were evidently ineffaceable.

"It looks," said Millie Lane, when her father joined the group and contemplated the mischief with as perplexed an air as his daughters' young faces wore—"it looks as if some liquid, that was neither coffee nor tea, had been flung at it as it lay in mamma's wardrobe."

"Impossible. There is no mark on the outer covering," said Mrs. Lane decidedly.

"It looks," repeated Lizzie, the elder girl, in an awed whisper, "as if it had been done on purpose, and for spite."

It certainly did, there was no denying it; yet who was there in the household of the Lanes capable of committing such a despicable act?

Not either of their domestics, for they had been in the same service for years, and when thoroughly well-principled, reliable women.

Moreover, they were never entrusted with their mistress's keys, and must therefore be at once and positively pronounced not guilty.

"Did you ever know anything so mysterious?" queried the owner of the unlucky silver-gray satin. "Can you wonder, Seth, at my vexation?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Lane, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "I shall be vexed myself if we don't succeed in finding a cause for this mystery. I wish, my dear, you would try and recall the last time you wore this gown."

"That is easily done," was the eager reply. "It was at baby's christening, and he is just eighteen months old."

"And you have not inspected it since then?"

"Not even unfolded it since but once, and then I am certain that it was in perfect condition. I took it out of my wardrobe one year ago. Your sister Viola was staying with us—don't you remember?—and Tom—poor Tom!"

Why Mrs. Lane always spoke of her half-brother as "poor Tom!" no one could say.

It was certainly a misnomer for the brisk lively young sailor, who was a credit to the profession, in which he had risen rapidly, and who brought mirth and good-humor with him wherever he went.

Yes, Mr. Lane did remember that by some well-meant contriving on the part of his wife, his youngest and best-looking sister paid them a long visit just as Tom Kneom was in London waiting to be appointed to a new vessel then fitting out for a long voyage.

But Mr. Lane went on without waiting for a reply:

"You may have forgotten, though I haven't, that I had arranged to take both of them to a garden-party, and as it was to be a very swell affair, I decided to put on my silver gray. But poor Tom was called away much sooner than he expected, and we had to send an apology."

"I don't see what light this throws on the spoiling of your dress."

"Neither do I; but that was the last time it was taken out of the wardrobe and unfolded. I had grown a little—just a little stouter—than I used to be, and wanted the hooks altered: so with my own hands I carried the dress into the little work-room adjoining the nursery, and am quite certain that it was not in this condition then."

"Who made the alterations you required on it?"

"Why, Minnie Morison, of course."

"Did you yourself restore the dress to the wardrobe after it was finished?"

Mrs. Lane pressed her hands to her eyes, murmuring, "Let me think!" while her daughters and husband watched her breathlessly.

Suddenly she looked up.

"Ah, now I recollect every incident connected with it, and quite distinctly. I was called away while Menie was at work on the dress. Aunt Jane had called, and when I found she would detain me some time, I asked Viola to take my keys to Menie, and tell her to replace it in the wardrobe when altered."

"Then it seems it is to Menie who we must apply to for an explanation. Where is she?"

"Did I hear my name mentioned?" asked a musical voice. "Here I am; who wants me?"

* * * * *

Menie Morison had been a ward of Mr. Lane's till the failure of a bank deprived the orphan of the very handsome sum her parents had left her.

Too proud to live on charity, she had determined to take a situation as governess, but was prevailed upon by her kindly guardian to remain beneath his own roof.

Not as an idler, however. In a large family there is always plenty of work to be found, and ere long Menie was in danger of being overwhelmed with the tasks delegated to her.

She taught in the school-room, superintended the lessons and practice of Lizzie and Millie who attended the classes at a college, kept the house-linen in order, wrote Mrs. Lane's notes for her, gave occasional assistance in the nursery, and filled up her spare time in the work room, where her tasteful fingers were invaluable.

All these tasks, performed as they were for a very moderate salary, might soon have proved irksome if Menie had been regarded a mere dependant; but it was not so. She was treated in every respect as an elder daughter.

At least she had been until that visit already alluded to when Viola Lane, the petted darling of a wealthy spinster aunt, came to her brother's house. To see London, so said Mr. Lane; to fall in love with poor Tom as thought his wife, who, though not a

regular match-maker, fancied it would be very nice if Tom could be induced to settle down on shore, and marry such a handsome well-dowered girl as Viola.

But the "best laid schemes gang aft agley," says Robert Burns, and human experience confirms it.

Tom went to sea again without having offered his hand and heart to the pouting demoiselle, who resented his indifference on the cause of it, Menie Morison.

Although the latter disdained to complain openly of slights inflicted on her, or of the many acts of injustice and unkindness that she traced to the influence of Viola Lane, she told herself passionately and repeatedly that never again should the same house hold them.

For some weeks after Viola returned to her aunt, Menie had been out of favor with Mrs. Lane, and this had added to her annoyance as well as discomfort.

But she had overcome all these feelings long since, and now entered the room bright and smiling, her arms full of books to be recovered for the children's bookshelf.

The attitudes of the group gathered around the table struck her so comical that she laughed a little, till she caught sight of the stained satin dress; then she became as grave as the rest, and was going to ask, Who has done this? when something peculiar in the questioning gaze with which she found herself regarded made her redden and draw back.

"Why do you all look at me so oddly?"

"Because," responded Mrs. Lane, with more tears than prudence—"because we believe that you can tell us how it is I find my silver-gray satin so completely spoiled. It was perfect when folded and put it away, why did you not confess frankly and honestly that you had spilt something over it, not leave me in ignorance all these months?"

"I could not tell you what I did not know," Menie made answer. "If I had injured your dress, Mrs. Lane, I would not have concealed it from you."

Here Mr. Lane interposed:

"Are you sure—quite sure, my dear, that nothing was spilled on the dress while it was in your charge?"

Menie was going to answer with an eager affirmative, when he checked her:

"Look before you speak. Can you be positive that you folded and put it away with your usual care?"

There was considerable hesitation before the reply was given:

"I—I carried out all Mrs. Lane's directions as usual."

"And you are quite certain that these marks were not on the dress when you did so?"

"How could they be?" asked Menie faintly.

"Your memory does not appear to be as reliable as usual!" cried Mrs. Lane. "I recollect perfectly well that I made you angry that day. You had given me occasion to find great fault with you, and you warmly resented my lecturing you; but I need not repeat my lecture, I can see that you remember it."

Crimson with mortification, yet holding her head erect, Menie replied:

"I do remember every word you said. You were cruelly unjust to me; but what has that got to do with the spoiling of your dress?"

"Everything, if petty spite induced you to revenge yourself by spoiling it."

Every vestige of color fled from Menie's cheeks and lips, and thinking that she would faint, Mr. Lane caught hold of her arm.

Dropping the books, she clung to him, crying piteously:

"Do you think I could do this—do you—do you?"

Always slow of speech honest Seth Lane hesitated, stammered, and began to say: "You see, my dear child, appearances are against you;" but more he had spoken a half dozen words Menie was gone.

"If she had been innocent she would have said so," Mrs. Lane assured herself over and over again, repeating it with more confidence when the first whisper she heard on the following morning was that Menie Morison had quitted the house.

But Mr. Lane was provokingly difficult to appease.

"I may be as you say, Elizabeth, but I have often seen things look like guilt, and such cases as you have imputed to Menie is quite at variance with her former conduct. I could as soon believe it of any of my own children.

"You need not make me so uneasy," we uttered Elizabeth, "and you should bear in mind that I did not send Menie away. Where do you suppose she has gone?"

"To her old nurse in Derbyshire. She is sure of a welcome from the good woman."

"But she cannot stay there long, for she had no money, or at least very little."

Mr. Lane thrust his hands into his pockets and capitulated, his tearful wife watching him anxiously.

"It's no use asking her to come back; her pride would forbid it; nor would it be pleasant to have her here till this matter has been cleared up. Can Viola give us a clue to it? She was here at the time it happened."

"I'll write to her directly."

But Miss Lane's answer, though prompt was not explanatory.

She had seen Menie at work on the dress, that was all; but much though she disliked Miss Morison, she did not believe her capable of an act of deliberate malice.

In the same unsatisfactory manner ended all inquiries into the silver-gray mystery, as the young Lanes had taken to calling it; and Mrs. Lane, who missed Menie every hour, was growing quite snappish if it was alluded to, when her brother Tom arrived from Hong Kong, and in the pleasure of seeing him she recovered her spirits.

As usual, he came laden with gifts for everyone. Millie and Lizzie screamed with delight as he wound around them yards and yards of the embroidered muslin so much in vogue, and Seth Lane permitted himself to be arrayed in an Eastern dressing gown of the softest material and richest hues.

Then a parcel was tossed into the lap of Mrs. Lane.

"That's for you, Elizabeth, to atone for the mischief I did the last time I was here. I don't suppose my satin is quite the same shade. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Tom, was it you who spoiled my dress?"

"Of course it was I who stupidly sat down upon it the bottle of collodion for which I wanted a new cork. You see I found Menie in tears, and was so anxious to know what ailed her that I did not notice what I was about till she had run out of the room. Then I found that I had tilted the bottle and spilt—— But didn't Viola tell you this? I asked her to do so, and make my apologies."

Mr. and Mrs. Lane looked at each other, and then the latter began to cry.

"What does this mean?" the sailor demanded. "Where is Menie?"

"Oh, Tom, do forgive me!" sobbed his sister. "I drove her away with my injustice. First I accused her of trying to attract your attention——"

"What! that shy, modest little creature who would not listen to me because she knew where your wishes pointed? Nonsense?"

"And worse than that," wept Mrs. Lane, determined to make full confession, "I insisted that she had spoiled my dress in revenge!"

"How could you?" cried Tom angrily. "Where is she? No, don't detain me. When she forgives you I will. Let me go. I cannot be happy till I have found her."

Menie was just recovering from a serious illness when Tom burst into her nurse's cottage; but she soon became sufficiently convalescent to return with him to Mr. Lane's, where she was received with open arms.

From her old home, and surrounded by her old friends, Menie was married; but Viola Lane was not amongst the guests at the wedding breakfast.

It might have been pure forgetfulness that kept her silent respecting the accident to the dress, but a more unworthy motive must have actuated her when she could have exculpated Menie and did not do so.

FREAKS OF CONSCIENCE.

A MORNING newspaper recently printed in its advertisement columns the following apology:

"If A. R., who lived at——twenty years ago, is still alive, I humbly crave his forgiveness for having wrongfully accused him of stealing his master's money a quarter of a century ago. The theft was committed by me, and that act, followed by the betrayal of my former friend, has never ceased to weigh heavily upon me. Until I have obtained his forgiveness I shall not rest!—C. D——"

Announcements in the "Personal Agony Column" of the daily press, however innocent and genuine in appearance, are usually looked upon with well-founded suspicion as being either the secret communications of lovers who are debarred from other means of access, or the disguised warnings and advices of persons whose interests are carfully watched by the detectives.

In this case all reasonable doubts were set at rest by the appearance of full names and addresses, as well as by the early publication of a reply:

"A. R. freely forgives the injury done to him so many years ago, and will be pleased to give personal assurance of his forgiveness to C. D. at——."

The "silent accuser" was very tardy in rousing C. D. to a proper sense of his injustice towards A. B., and his act of penitence may have been the outcome of circumstances which, if known, would diminish, if not destroy, all of its credit.

When a man who has been a fugitive from the law is captured, he almost invariably declares that he is glad of his arrest, and that he was on the point of giving himself up to the police.

Inquiry, however, seldom fails to prove, as in a late notorious case, that so long as the fugitive can eke out an existence either honestly or by crime, he never thinks of handing himself over to justice.

He may be uneasy under "the hand that is not seen and the voice that is not heard," but what he fears is the hand that grasps his collar, and the voice that calls upon him to plead "guilty or not guilty."

Constant readers of newspapers may have observed that a curious epidemic of conscience often follows the commission of a great crime.

Men and even women hasten to accuse themselves of the particular offence which is exciting public interest, or of similar crimes that have never come to light or have been forgotten.

The police are often compelled to investigate confessions made under the influence of drink or of a morbid imagination.

Not long ago a large field in the neighborhood of London was dug up in the expectation of discovering the skeleton of a farmer who disappeared mysteriously thirty years before.

A sailor declared that he had murdered the missing man and had buried him in a meadow. No remains were discovered, but the result of the investigations made by the police led to the trial and conviction of the sailor for a murder committed by him a few weeks previous to his false confession.

This infection of conscience is strangely and pathetically illustrated by a story told of a magistrate before whom was brought a man charged with robbing and murdering his master.

The facts were simple. The murderer was wretchedly poor; the murdered man was rich. Robbery, and not murder, was at first intended, but the darker crime was found necessary to hide the other.

The murderer escaped, established himself in a distant part of the country, and led a prosperous and respectable life until proof trod upon the heels of suspicion and tripped him up into the arms of the law.

The magistrate, a man of whose early life nothing was known in the district where he had risen to honor and wealth, listened with breathless interest. As the details of the crime and discovery were unfolded he grew pale, and seemed to be stricken with a sudden disease.

Rising at last he quitted the judgment seat, and, placing himself by the side of the prisoner at the bar, confessed that he too had laid the foundation of his present position in the blood of his master. He was hanged.

The Treasurer of the United States could tell many interesting stories of conscience. To no individual are so many confessions made.

Nearly every week he acknowledges the receipt of "conscience money" forwarded by persons who have outlived that time of life at which it is held to be no sin, but rather an evidence of smartness, to cheat the revenue by evading Custom dues, or filling up a false tax return.

A thief is not often troubled by that silent monitor called conscience. There is, however, on record one instance in which either conscience or gratitude compelled a thief to make restitution.

Charles Dickens, the novelist, when in France, was robbed of his watch—a valuable gold repeater, presented to him by admirers who had caused their appreciation to be engraved upon the case.

Dickens's grief was short-lived, for, on the following afternoon, he received the watch, and with it a polite note apologizing for any inconvenience that might have been caused by its temporary withdrawal. The pickpocket had not recognized his victim as a fellow-countryman, and still less as the inimitable portrayer of Bill Sykes.

A more amusing freak of conscience—one that would have gone very much against the grain of Fagin, who refused to give a reason on compulsion even though reasons were plentiful as blackberries—is told of a negro.

Some important works were being constructed, and the engineer sought to engage native labor. One man who had turned a deaf ear to tempting offers of payment for no other reason than that he was too lazy to work, came at last to the engineer.

"Mass," said he, "I will not work for you unless you throw me into the river."

The engineer was naturally astonished at this singular method of securing a laborer, and refused to adopt it without knowing the reason. The negro refused any explanation, and the engineer, having no fear of his safety, dropped him into the river.

He struggled to the bank and went cheerfully to work, with the remark that he would delve and dig not willingly but only on compulsion. He had satisfied his conscience with a ducking.

COSTLY TRAVELLERS.—Emperors who go upon their travels are, it seems, expected to give presents to almost every one with whom they come into contact.

When the German Emperor recently started on his tour in Austria and Italy he took with him, to serve as "vails," no fewer than eighty diamond rings, one hundred and fifty silver stars, fifty scarf pins richly jewelled, thirty diamond bracelets, six presentation swords, thirty photographs of the Imperial family set in gold frames, thirty gold watches, one hundred cigar cases with the Imperial arms and cipher in gold, and twenty diamond stars of the Orders of the Black and the Red Eagle.

The gold watches went to the various cooks who had the honor of cooking the Imperial pasty.

The cigar cases were distributed, one by one, from the Imperial pocket, so that every recipient was able to lay to heart the sweet solace that he had been given the Emperor's very own case.

Some of the diamond rings were similarly presented warm from the Imperial finger. The cost of all this jewelry is estimated at $200 000.

A PROMINENT resident of Chaplin, Conn., who is extravagantly fond of fox-hunting, started out on a bitter cold day, and arriving at the edge of the woods containing the coveted game, he started his hound on the trail. The faithful animal caught the scent instantly and bounded away, and in a few moments was lost from sight. The owner waited patiently, until, utterly benumbed by the cold, he crept back to his wagon, where he found the noble hound snugly ensconced beneath the buffalo robe, sound asleep.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Stonington, Conn., colored man who recently advertised for a wife certainly suffered a severe disappointment the other day when about to make a selection. Although he is a widower, and has followed several helpmeets to the grave, his advertisement received a large numbers of replies. He chose one woman who hailed from New London and made an engagement to meet her at the station. Thus far his bride-elect had been faithful, but when she saw the man she exclaimed, "You do not look as well as I expected. I think this has gone far enough, and I will go back on the next train." She did so, in spite of all efforts to dissuade her.

There is a brand new malady which is distinctly and entirely the outcome of modern civilization. It is known as "electric-light stroke," and in its effects it resembles sun stroke or heat apoplexy. Yet it is produced, not by heat, but by the light of the electric arc. The sufferer temporarily loses his eyesight and becomes dizzy. During the next few days the skin of his face peels off in patches. The malady has hitherto been observed in those establishments in which electricity is used for the fusing and welding of metals. The operation is accompanied by the production of such an overpowering glare of light that even smoked spectacles form very little protection to eyes.

A New York State paper says that a dirty foul mouth tramp called at the house of a Bethlehem widow, living alone, about 7 in the morning, who offered to saw wood in return for a breakfast. The woman eyed him with suspicion. "Are ye hungry?" she asked. "Yeeaum, hungrier nur a bear." "Well, ye can have yer feed first, I guess." He was given a bountiful meal. At its conclusion the tramp rose and took up his ugly-looking bludgeon. "I'll keep my eyes wide open right," he said grinning, "and if I see a man as wants to saw yer wood for his breakfast I'll give him yer address." Then he opened the door and walked out. He had gone but a few steps when he heard the widow's sharp voice calling a halt. He turned with an oath and saw a gun pointed squarely at him. The widow ordered him to come right back. He came back and sawed not one, but two cords of wood, killed and plucked two chickens, whitewashed the hen house and cleaned out the cow stable. It is expected that he will not repeat the visit again in a hurry.

Counting the dancing motes in a bar of sunlight sounds like one of those hopeless never ending tasks with which malignant fairies delight to break the spirit of little heroines in the German folk stories. Nothing more than this, however, has been achieved by modern science, which is now able to count the particles floating in any given portion of the atmosphere and determine what proportion of these are dangerous germs and what are mere dust. Dr Frankland's curious experiments have shown us how to count the germ-organisms, and now a Scotchman, by a totally different method, has been enabled to take stock of the more harmless but interesting dust motes. Thirty thousand particles have been detected by him in the thousandth of a cubic inch in the air of a room. In the outside atmosphere in dry weather, the same measurement of air yielded 319, whereas after a heavy rainfall, the number was only 62. That this power of prying into atmospheric secrets will eventually yield very important results must be obvious to all. Among the most curious discoveries already made is the direct relation between dust particles and fogs, and mist and rain.

A despatch from Hot Springs, Ark., says that city is in a roar over the boisterous manner in which South Hot Springs has been "taken in." A few days ago an elderly gentleman, giving his name as Harper, reached South Hot Springs. He represented himself as a California millionaire, and said that he desired to engage a dozen reliable men, at salaries ranging from $1000 to $5000 a year. He became a great favorite—there is the lion of the hour—and at a grand supper, tendered him by fifty credulous citizens, he made a speech and said he wished to give his friends a genuine mark of his affection. He retired to a room, and in a half an hour returned with an armful of envelopes. "These my friends," said he, "contain my checks for various amounts, and the only stipulation I make is that they must not be opened until to-morrow." Then there was rejoicing and the old man was fairly worshipped. One woman could not stand the pressure, and ran home and opened her envelope. She found it contained the leaf of an old almanac with proverbs like this: "A fool and his money are soon parted." "All that glitters is not gold," etc. Boiling with indignation she returned to the banquet rooms and showed her check. Then there was a simultaneous opening of the envelopes and a scene followed. All contained almanac jokes. The old man was put in jail on the charge of fraud. The specific charge was obtaining $80 from Squire Witter. Afterwards it was developed that the old man was an escaped lunatic from Jacksonville, Ill., named James Sykes.

GROCER'S NEW BOY—"Shall I cover up the sugar barrels when I sweep the store?" Old Grocer—Not much! When you've been in the business a little longer you won't ask such foolish questions."

Our Young Folks.

HUNTING FOR TROLLS.

BY E. M. WATERFORD.

IT was all very like a joke, and yet a beautiful something came of it in the end.

"Master Jack used to say Trolls haunted the Dark Walk, Miss Minnie," remarked the old butler.

"What Master Jack do you mean—my brother Jack?"

"No, no; our Master Jack, as lived here years ago."

"And where is he now?" inquired the five-year-old little maiden; "I should like you to tell me."

"Living among the husks and the swine, it may be, dearie."

"Do you mean the Prodigal Son, that mamma cries about, when we see him in the great picture Bible, on Sundays?"

"Ay, Miss Minnie, as good as he, or as bad. He ought to have been called Esau, for he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

"And where is the birthright now?" she asked.

"Your papa holds it—'tis this house and property."

"And will my Uncle Esau come with his armed men, to fight my papa?" asked Minnie, well up in Bible lore.

"Well, well, just hear the child!" The old butler walked away from his imaginative young mistress, but she followed after him.

"About the Trolls, Clarke; do they come to the Dark Walk for truth?"

"Your Uncle Jack used to say so—that they came to see if there was anything that they could snap up."

"Oh!" Minnie's eyes grew round with startled wonder. "Did you ever see them?" lisped the silvery little tongue.

"No, dearie, no, I never see them; I believe it all a pack of Master Jack's romancing."

The old servant walked away now, and Minnie went to look for her dear brother Jack.

"Trolls," said the wee seven-year-old boy; "they are great gobbling things. Don't you remember, we read one about the snow man's bear that was shut up in the hen-house, and nobody knew what to do with it, till a good Troll came and ate it up one night?"

Minnie shuddered, and asked, "Do they always come in the night?" at which Jack laughed.

"Of course they do; and I intend to see those who come in the Dark Walk—though, for all that, I don't really believe they do come," returned inconsistent Master Jack, with a toss of his head.

"How can we see them when we're in bed?"

"Well I didn't say we; a girl would be afraid of a Troll," said Jack.

"But if I wasn't afraid, and went to take care of you?"

Jack laughed in disdain.

"But how will you see them?" asked practical Minnie meekly.

"Get up after I'm gone to bed, and go out at the garden door; boy's hands can undo bolts, if girls are such muffs that theirs won't."

"But you'll tell me what they're like?" pleaded the wistful little maiden; and Jack promised—

"Yes."

Just then nurse called them, so they just nodded knowingly at each other, and went for a walk.

It was such a cold, cold November, and every thing looked so dreary and desolate.

Ho, ho! how the moonlight flooded the children's room on the following night; how hastily Jack sprang out of his bed, very like a nimble noiseless mouse, and began to don his clothes, when he awoke from his first nap.

"Let me come too, Jack," was the wistful request that came stealing across to him from Minnie's crib, very likely one more awakened by the movements of another.

Now, truth to tell, Jack's heart was going pit-a-pat, and his teeth chattering, at the thought of meeting a pack of five Trolls at dead of night; so he answered—

"Come along then, if you like."

Then Minnie began to dress like another noiseless mouse, nurse in the next room, good soul, little dreaming of what they were doing.

Well if she had, for she had given Jack a warm jersey before he went to bed, because he had a cold, and here he was going out "Troll hunting, as he said, with a queer little tiger to his sister, and at midnight too, and he with a cold.

Down the stairs they crept, like two shadow mice, and Jack's clever hands unbolted the garden door; out they went; two little startled cringing shadows, under the stars.

A great hush lay everywhere—moonlight and silence seemed all that was abroad, save their two wee selves, tripping along toward the Troll-haunted grounds of Dark Walk.

Yes; two shadows went with them, flitting at their side, till the Walk was reached.

The wind soughed and sighed through the leafless trees, and darksome things seemed everywhere; hands locked together, they hearkened and peered, their little hearts fluttering, their teeth chattering—ah! it was cold!

Now one of the dark somethings moved, really moved, rushing through the dead leaves and the faded beauties of last summer; ay, came bearing down upon the little midgets.

Was it a bear, a Troll, or what? They did not know. Two fiery eyes glowered at them, drawing nearer and nearer in the gloom of the shadowy walk.

Jack clung to Minnie, and Minnie to Jack.

Ah! well, it was neither bear nor Troll, but a shepherd dog, which rushed helter skelter past them, as if they were the Trolls, and he afraid.

Nay, the creature turned on them the next moment, and they fled like the wind; and 'twas well they steered homeward, for the dog chased them all the way to the garden.

Those within the house said afterward that they fancied they heard a dog bark and somebody scream—but who thought that it was two wee Troll hunters the dog was chasing, and they no other than nurse's two nurselings escaped, as it were, from under her wing!

They were in the house at last, the door bolted between them and the dangers of the night; and they crept to their nests, glad that their adventure was over.

Ah! was it over? Minnie soon fell asleep, and if she dreamt that a thousand Trolls were in the Dark Walk and she saw them, what was that to what Jack dreamed and screamed over, slept and screamed over again—that a thousand trolls were in the room, and climbing open-mouthed into his bed.

Of course, when nurse came to them the next morning, she found Jack in the misery of a feverish cold, panting for breath.

"I dreamt the room was full of Trolls," said he, between panting and coughing; and nurse and mamma, seeing bronchitis not far off, sent for the doctor.

Then our hero was besieged with steam-kettle, poultices, medicine, and the like.

Ah! Troll hunting was serious work.

"I think 'twas looking for the Trolls made me ill," averred Jack; at which the doctor nodded to his mamma, who looked ready to fly with fright, while the doctor listened to his chest again.

"What can I do, mamma," said little Minnie, who thought she ought to do something.

"Take your dollies, and sit in the drawing-room, and see visitors for mamma, while she is with Jack," was the reply.

So, with her four little girls, and with becoming dignity, the wee maiden stationed herself in the great drawing room, and very soon a visitor arrived—a tall gentleman, who came in unannounced.

"I'm mistress to day, sir, because mamma is with Jack, who is ill," she told him; bowing him to a seat, like a puppet.

"And you, you are taking care of the babies," he replied, smiling down at her and her little family, who lay kicking up their heels on the floor.

"Yes; and I think they'll have the bronchitis, same as Jack—looking for the Trolls made Jack have bronchitis," she told him.

"Ha!" a light leaped in his eyes as he listened to her words.

"Yes; my Uncle Jack living with the husks and swine, use to say there were Trolls in the Dark Walk, Clarke says; and that he sold his birthright. Mamma cries when she sees him in the Bible, on Sundays," prattled the child.

"I should cry if my brother Jack was eating pigs' food, 'stead of having bronchitis, same as mamma does," she continued in her silvery tones as her visitor was silent.

He rose now and walked away over to the window.

"Don't you like to talk to me?" she asked, tripping up to him.

He did not reply for a little while, but thoughtfully tapped on the window sill with his gloved fingers.

"Will you tell your mamma that her brother Jack isn't among the husks and swine," said he presently, "and that I will call again?"

"Did you know my Uncle Jack?" asked the eager little tongue.

"Yes, once upon a time."

"And did he see the Trolls in the Dark Walk for truth?"

"No, dear, I think not. Now, good bye," he said.

He strayed away toward the door, and Minnie followed him.

"Won't you let me ring for the servant to show you out?" she asked—such a dainty little mite, standing on her dignity.

"No, thank you; I've let myself out times here." He patted her on the head. "Take care of the babies, and keep them wrapped warm."

He was gone.

Who was he? Where did he come from that he knew Uncle Jack?

But who had time or thought to answer Minnie's questions with her brother Jack shut up with steam kettles, poultices, medicine, and gruel, the doctor listening to his breathing again and again, and he muttering about Trolls every time he went to sleep, and puzzling them all?

But on the third day Minnie sat out on the landing with her four dolls, just recovering as she had said from bronchitis, when her mamma came out of the drawing-room, and walked up to her.

"My child," she said, "your brother Jack is given back to you from the bronchitis, and my brother Jack from——"

"The husks and the swine, little one:" and a tall gentleman her visitor of the other morning held her in his arms. "The story of the Trolls did it. It quite broke my heart, and let in place—the Troll story and mamma's tears."

Anger manages everything badly.

OUT FOR A RUN.

BY L. F.

"WHY, what have you come back for?" said Maud King to Frank and George as they ran and threw down their books on the first chair they come to. They had gone to school but half an hour since, and did not as a rule come back till it was time for tea.

"Oh! it's such fun! Nine of the boys are ill," said Frank, "and are shut up in a room, and have got their work to do; but Mr. Hale said he thought it was best for the day boys to go home, and if their friends didn't mind the risk, they could come back and go on with their work. Let's come and tell Aunt Kate; she's sure not to send us back."

Yes, they were right there. Aunt Kate's one great aim was to keep them well and strong as long as she had charge of their keeping.

It was but a few months till the spring came around, then Mr. and Mrs. King would be back from their trip to Rome.

"You must let Maud off her work too," said George to his aunt, "and let her come out and play with us."

"Oh! I don't think that at all a good plan," said his aunt, "in fact, you will have to do your work with Maud for the rest of the time that you are kept from school. But I'll let you off just this one day. So, Maud, you may run up and put on your things."

She did not have to be told this twice, and she was down, as the boys said, "like a shot."

The boys had now got their reigns. The day was a cold one, and, though still it was fine, there were some clouds in the north. It was just the day for a run.

As Maud was ten, and Frank and George but eight and nine, of course she drove them first, and then the boys were each of them to take their turn and change with her.

What bright red cheeks they all got, and how strong and well they did look!

They had gone a good long way when down fell a few drops of rain, and the sky now was full of thick black clouds.

"We had best go home," said Maud, "as fast as we can;" but the rain then came down in quite a flood, and they were a long way from home.

"Oh! Maud, I think we ought to go to some house, and ask them to let us wait till the rain is done," said George.

The next house they came to was Mrs. Jones' shop, where all kinds of things were sold—fish and sweets, and string, and soap, and so on.

"I have some cents in my purse, and we'll buy some sweets," said Maud, and they went to the shop. The bell on the back of the door gave a loud ring, but no one came to the shop.

"Let's ring it once more," said Frank, and he gave it a good shake. "Well, we might take all we want, and clear the shop, for all they seem to care."

"Hush!" said Maud; "I heard a sound in the back room."

But still no one came. Then the boys went to the door which led them to the room at the back.

"Oh, Maud," they said, "there's a girl in bed there, she must be ill, she looks so queer."

Maud went round to look too. Yes, there was a girl, and it was her groans which she had heard a short time since.

"Can I be of any use to you?" said Maud, as she went close to the bed.

The girl did not look at her, and she did not say a word. There was a cup with some milk in it on a chair by the bed upon which the girl was lying.

Maud held it to the girl's lips; she drank but a few drops of it, and lay down once more.

The boys still stood at the door; they had not gone in with Maud. Just then the bell on the shop door rang; it was Dr. Grant, who came in.

He knew Maud and the boys quite well, and gave a start to see them there.

"Come, my boys," he said, "what do you want here?"

They told him they had come in out of the rain. "And Maud is in that room," they said; "there's a girl ill there."

"Yes," said Dr. Grant, "I know that. Now, I'll tell my man to drive you both home; but have you both been in that room too?"

They said, "No they had not." Then he tore a leaf out of his note book, wrote a few lines on it, and gave it to his man for Aunt Kate. "Maud will come home with me for a few days," he said to the boys, "I won't send her home with you."

How queer they thought it was of Dr. Grant, and they did so want to know what it was he had said in his note to Aunt Kate. They tried to find out from Dr. Green's man what he thought it could be, but he was too wise to tell.

Dr. Grant and his wife were proud of Maud. She was the same age, and had the same name as their own child, who died when she was five.

It gave him a start to see her in this girl's room, for she was very ill, and any one who went near her might be ill too. He had some sent off the two boys when Mr. Jones came back.

"Oh, sir," she said, "Jane was so much worse, I just run down to beg you to go at once."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, it was wrong of you not to bolt your shop door, you don't know what harm you may have done, but, Maud, my dear," he went on to say, "you run out of doors and play till my man comes back, then I mean to take you to my home to stay for a short time."

He did not tell her why, but he meant to have her in his house for fear she would be ill, and he knew it was not safe for her to go back and live in the same house with the boys and play with them.

It was as he thought; the child was ill, and for some time was as sick as she could be.

No one but Dr. and Mrs. Grant, and a night nurse saw her at all for some weeks, and for the sake of their lost child the Grants were glad to have Maud to nurse and care for.

Thanks to their great care her health came back and when spring came round she went home to Aunt Kate's house.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant were quite sad when they had to part with her, and when Mr. and Mrs. King said, "How can we show our thanks to you for great care of our dear child!" they said, "Let her come and stay with us for a month or two each year, and that will be the kind of thanks we like best."

THE RING:—Puritan influence sought to abolish the ring as a vain and heathen emblem, but the sweet old custom of giving and taking the token, "for our loves' sake," yet remains to us.

The fashion of betrothal, or, as we phrase it nowadays, "engagement," rings varies from time to time, and always depends, or should do so, upon the purse of the donor.

Where there are no limitations of this sort, his taste if it be perfect, will lead him to choose a diamond solitaire, and of the finest he can afford, a small and pure stone being altogether preferable to a big "rock" of doubtful color.

Some prefer a ring set with three stones; generally a sapphire set between two diamonds.

Others select a ruby or an emerald, which signifies a promise of happiness. A few choose pearls, but there is a prejudice against these jewels, as they are supposed to typify tears.

They are also too perishable to become emblems of a love which, in its first glow at least is always understood to be indestructible.

Their beauty is very precarious, being easily dimmed or "aged," as the lapidary phrases it, by contact with impure air, while acid annihilates them completely, like the famous one which the fair Egyptian, "brilliant sorceress of the Nile," dissolved and drank to her imperial lover long ages ago.

Only the wedding-ring remains nearly the same through all the time.

The Romans made theirs of iron to express endurance, and baser metals have been used for this purpose from time to time since, but the ideal marriage token, exquisitely described by an early poet, has not and cannot be improved upon—it is the ring of purest virgin gold, neither too heavy nor yet too slender.

"It is softly rounded over, so that there is no sharps edges, and if you suspend it by a silken thread (as the child on the hearth-rug has done with her trinkets) and smite it softly it will ring out an indescribable sweet sound which no other metal gives forth."

If you haven't heard this fairy-like music try the experiment, and having once heard the true ring of the true metal, you will never forget its sweetness afterwards, and you will realize that no other token is so fully symbolic of a true heart's devotion.

A FORTUNATE BABY.—An exciting shooting story is reported from India. Some gentlemen who had been looking for tigers returned to camp one evening after having seen no game. They all had their rifles loaded, and one of them proposed that, rather than take the loaded weapons into the tent, it would be well to fire them off at a mark.

A hundred yards away some natives were working in a field. Near them was a large earthen jar, such as Hindoos use for carrying water. The value of the jar was not more than a few coppers. It was therefore agreed that the jar should serve as the mark. All the gentlemen were reputed to be good shots.

Number one fired; his bullet grazed the right side of the vessel. Number two fired just over it. Number three fired a little to the left. Number four fired, and his bullet struck the earth just beneath the jar and covered the jar with dust.

And then uprose the squeals of a lusty native baby, who, for safety, forsooth! had been placed by his laborious parents in the vessel, there to await the hour of their cessation from work. The youngster had been aroused from his sleep by the last shot.

It is scarcely necessary to say that there was no more firing, and that the sportsmen for once felt glad that their aim had been a little less true than usual.

AN OLD man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a shop several miles away where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it he walked boldly up and shouted:

At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried "That's Sarah, every inch!"

IN the commission of evil fear no man so much as thyself; another is but one witness against thee, thou art a thousand; another thou mayest avoid, thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.

O LOVE, MY LOVE!

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

O love, my love! by the sounding sea,
Do your thoughts speed over the waves to me?
Can you see, tho' parted by miles of space,
The enraptured love that glories my face?

O love, my love! by the bounding billow,
Does your spirit droop like the weeping willow?
Do the sobs I breathe on the air vibrate
To the spray-kissed shore where you watch and wait?

O love, my love! by the foaming wave,
Does your heart my presence all fondly crave?
Can you feel, tho' you are so far from me,
My heart that throbs like the throbbing sea?

O love, my love! by the infinite ocean,
Am I still the star of your fond devotion?
Do you read the lines of my loving soul,
That spreads to your view like an open scroll?

COURTSHIP IN MANY LANDS.

Among the ancient Assyrians all marriageable girls were assembled at one place and the public auctioneer put them up for sale one after the other.

The money which was received for those who were handsome, and consequently sold well, was bestowed as a wedding portion on those who were plain. When the most beautiful had been disposed of, the more ordinary looking ones were offered for a certain sum and allotted to those willing to take them.

In ancient Greece, the lover was seldom favored with an opportunity of declaring his passion to his adored one, and he used to publish it by inscribing her name on the walls, on the bark of the trees in the public walks, and upon the leaves of books. He would decorate the door of her house with garlands, and make libations of wine before it in the manner that was practised in the temple of Cupid.

According to Dr. Hayes, courting among the Eskimo has not much tenderness about it. The match is made by the parents of the couple.

The lover must go out and capture a Polar bear as an evidence of his courage and strength. That accomplished, he sneaks behind the door of his sweetheart's house, and when she comes out he pounces upon her and tries to carry her to his dog-sledge.

She screams, bites, kicks, and breaks away from him. He gives chase, whereupon all the old women of the settlement rush out and beat her with frozen strips of sealskin. She falls exhausted, the lover lashes her to his sledge, whips up his dogs, dashes swiftly over the frozen snow, and the wedding takes place.

In some parts of Asia, the question of a man's title to a bride must be settled by a fierce fight between the friends of the contracting parties. If his forces are victorious his sweetheart becomes his trophy. If her friends are victorious, he must pay such price as the victors demand.

All over that country some ceremony of violence or exhibition of physical power must precede a wedding.

Some native tribes insist upon a foot race btween the bride and bridegroom to decide the question of marriage, and others require a long chase on horseback.

In some parts of Asia the lover must carry off his bride on his back. If he reaches his hut with her, there can be no protest against the marriage. Failing in that, he must pay her parents for her in cattle.

The willing bride makes no outcry; the unwilling bride arouses the whole village, the residents of which try to rescue her.

In the Isthmus of Darien either sex can do the courting, while in the Urkraine the girl generally attends to it. When she falls in love with a man, she goes to his house and declares her passion.

If he declines to accept her, she remains there, and his case becomes rather distressing. To turn her out would provoke her kindred to avenge the insult. The young fellow has no alternative left him but to run away from home until the damsel is otherwise disposed of.

A curious custom prevails in Oud Beierland, Holland. October is the auspicious month, and on the first Sunday (known as review day) the lads and lasses, attired in their best, promenade the village separately, stare each other out of countenance, and then retire to make up their minds on the second Sunday, which is called decision day.

On this day the young men go up and pay their compliments to the fair ones of their choice, to learn if they are regarded with favor.

On the third Sunday, or day of purchase, the swain is expected to snatch the handkerchief of his adored one, and if she submits to it with good grace, he understands that his chances of winning her are flattering.

The captured pledge is restored to the fair owner on the fourth Sunday, or the "Sunday of Taking Possession," and it seldom happens that the damsel refuses the lover for whom she has indicated a preference.

On the Sunday following, according to custom, the suitor calls at the house of his sweetheart, where he is asked to tea. If a piece of the crust of a gingerbread loaf is handed to him, there is nothing left for him but to retire. If, on the other hand, the parents offer the young man a piece of the crumb, he is allowed to come again, and is admitted into the family.

On the island of Himia, opposite Rhodes, a girl is not allowed to have a lover until she has brought up a certain quantity of sponges, and given proof of her ability to take them from a certain depth.

On the island of Nicarus the girl is not consulted. Her father gives her to the best diver among her suitors. He who can stay longest under the water and gather the most sponges, marries the maid.

Howe, in his "Table Book," gives an account of a lover who walked three miles every evening for fourteen years to court his sweetheart, besides dodging her home from church on Sunday afternoons. The distance he travelled was more than 15,000 miles.

For the first seven years he only stood and courted in the door porch, but for the remaining seven he ventured to hang his hat on a pin in the passage and sit on the kitchen settle. They were finally married, and lived so unhappily afterwards that their long, cool, and deliberate courtship failed to be of profit to them.

According to the "Chronicles of Ingerne," William the Conqueror conducted his wooing in a semi civilized manner. We are gravely told that he met Matilda in the street of Bruges as she was returning from Mass.

He seized her, struck her several times with his fist, rolled her in the dirt, thereby "spoiling her rich array," then rode off at full speed. Convinced of his intensity of ardor, Matilda subsequently consented to marry him.

The brothers Jacob and William Grimm, authors of the wonderful fairy stories, concluded that one or other should marry. Officious friends found a suitable lady for Jacob, but he declined to do the courting, so William acted as his proxy. In doing so he fell in love with the lady himself, which troubled him greatly, as he did not want to betray Jacob. The latter solved the dilemma by telling William he could have her.

Grains of Gold.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

A small lie is nevertheless a lie.

Gradual gains are the only natural gains.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

When trained in the way you should go—go ahead.

Study well the human body: the mind is not far off.

Never forget that vulgarity has its origin in ignorance or selfishness.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short, pithy sermon to the soul.

Silence is the understanding of the fools and one of the virtues of the wise.

Reserve may be pride fortified in ice; dignity is worth reposing on truth.

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.

The worst of our enemies are those which we carry about in our hearts.

No cloud can overshadow a true Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

Never omit to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.

I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles, who could be trusted in matters of importance.

Femininities.

Red stockings are worn with black toilets.

New Orleans has the only woman's club in the South.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.

Two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

Two and one half teacups, level, of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.

An Ohio girl grieved so over the death of her betrothed that she has gone insane.

Occasionally the woman in the gorgeous wrap and bonnet has big holes in her shoes.

A widow about to marry again should not wear either white gown or orange blossoms.

The latest about Julia Ward Howe is that she wears a diamond ring on her right thumb.

If we could all see ourselves as others see us, most of us would hardly see ourselves at all.

Whether marriage be a failure or not, there are no two opinions concerning spinsterhood.

The few men among the crowd of women at the afternoon teas look as if they wanted to go home.

A Boston young lady defines love as "an inexpressibility accompanied with outward all-overishness."

"Papa, I wish you'd whip me a little." "Why?" "Because, when you whip me, mamma gives me pears."

Twin kissing on the forehead is a hollow mockery, and the sex did well to make it impossible by inventing the bang.

"And what's the little darling's name?" "Well, you see, he's our eighth child, so we've had him christened 'Octopus.'"

It is said that women dress extravagantly to worry other women. A man who dresses extravagantly generally worries his tailor.

Bridesmaids wear gowns of soft Sicilienne in Nile green, yellow or rose pink combined with silk mulle or embroidered lisse.

Belle was asked where her little brothers, aged 4 and 2, were. She replied: "They are sitting on the doorstep talking about old times."

Widow W. K. Vanderbilt instructs her butler to lay a different service of plate, glass and china every time he prepares the table for dinner.

Even if your husband should have no heart he is sure to have a stomach, so be careful to lubricate the marriage yoke with well-cooked dinners.

"There is nothing so aggravating as a jealous husband," said a married woman; "but there's nothing so humiliating as a husband who is not so."

Annie: "Do you love your husband?" Sophia: "Certainly; what a question!" Annie: "I thought you might have married him out of curiosity."

The German Empress wears an apron at home as a token that she attends to the children and the cook and doesn't meddle with social and political questions.

If you want to fully realize the sweetness, gentleness and unvarying good temper of the average woman go to a shop and loiter around the bargain counter.

It is said that nearly all the fashionable milliners and dressmakers in New York keep a stock of choice wines on hand "to relieve the fatigue of their customers."

Mrs. Rood, a Chicago woman, has taken out a number of patents for building furniture into the walls of flats; she utilizes the space within the walls to a great extent.

A colored woman of Atlanta, Ga., is trying to establish an institution in which negro children shall be taught to work and be fitted for the service of white people.

Miss Westend, confidentially: "Mr Jones proposed to me last night." Rival Belle: "Did he? Well, when I refused him in the afternoon he said he was going to do something desperate.

Fashion in France ordains that henceforth armorial crests and such things are to be banished from such places as letter-paper, etc., but are to be embossed on women's dresses in colors over the heart.

Little Johnny, looking curiously at the visitor: "Where did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billus? I don't see any of the marks." Visitor: "Why, Johnny; I haven't been bitten by any chicken." Johnny: "Mamma, didn't you tell papa Mr. Billus was dreadfully henpecked? Why, mamma, how funny you look! Your face is all red!"

A New York lady is the owner of a fine English bulldog, which accompanies her regularly to service at the Little Church Around the Corner. One morning the sexton suggested to her privately that it would be just as well to leave the brute in the vestry room, as the man who passed the plate around had put in a bill of expense for torn trousers and a chewed leg. "Then," said the lady, "I will take my dog to some other denomination." And she did.

A clergyman in Glasgow used to relate the following. In marrying a couple he asked the bride, in the usual form of the Presbyterian Church, whether she would be "a loving, faithful and obedient wife?" The bride promptly replied that she would promise to be loving and faithful, but would not venture on a pledge of uniform obedience. The minister paused and demurred. "Just say awa', sir," ejaculated the bridegroom; "she has promised to be lovin' and faithful, an' foul fa' thae fingers," raising his fist, "gin she's no obedient."

Masculinities.

To young people: "Don't marry for love—of money.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

The evening of age is largely conditional upon the nights of youth.

The manly man among society men has really become a great curiosity.

It is better either to be silent, or to say things of more value than silence.

When you ask some single ladies how old they are their rage is manifest.

Many a man gets credit for good temper who never knew what it was to be provoked.

It is astonishing how many school fellows a successful man always finds he used to have.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

"I object," said a wit at a party, "to the ladies baring arms, because they load them so with powder."

Said Jenkins: "I never knew a woman that gave anybody a piece of her mind that hadn't lots of pieces left."

The time required for a telegraphic signal to pass round the earth on a good land telegraph is about one second.

Contentment may be better than riches, but few of us can make affidavits about the matter either way nowadays.

An invention has resulted in producing a clock that winds itself every hour, and only requires attention once in two years.

A mourning widower declares that nothing brings him such affecting memories of his dear, dead wife as to stumble over a flatiron.

It has been proven by a long series of observation, extending over some centuries, that females enjoy a greater longevity than men.

There is nothing more truly insinuating and deferential than the waggle of a little dog's tail in the presence of a big dog with a bone.

Neither lawyer, physician nor minister should be allowed to plead any special privilege when it involves the concealment of a crime.

First lady: "What an imperious, dictatorial, arrogant man that Mr. Pompus is!" Second lady: "Tut! you know he has never been married."

As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the great value of time.

"I am opposed to all games of chance," said Hawson. "And yet you got married!" said Brown. "Yes; and that's why I am so strongly opposed to 'em."

A peculiarity about the household of John E. Week, a Louisville carpenter, is that two cradles have been constantly going since the first two years of his marriage.

Miss De Pert, unfeelingly: "This is, perhaps, the first refusal you have received, Mr. De Tom?" Mr. De T., sarcastically: "And perhaps the first you have ever given."

She: "What have you there, George?" He: "Oh, it's the new adjustable engagement ring—fits any finger. I have found it a neat thing, I assure you. Will you try it on?"

Smokeless gunpowder is the latest addition to the science of war. Now, let somebody invent a smokeless cigar and peace will have her victories no less renowned than war.

Captain Nicholas Costello, of Haverhill, Mass., is 103, and still healthy and active. His greatest pride is a black swallow-tailed coat, in which he was married 60 years ago.

It takes four things to be a gentleman—you must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your manners, and a gentleman in your person.

Says a cynical old bachelor: "Never marry a woman unless she is so rich that you would marry her if she were homely and so beautiful that you would marry her if she were poor."

He, gushingly: "If you would only give me one little word of encouragement, you would make me the happiest fellow under the sun!" She: "Yes, but what would you do when the sun set?"

"Gerty, did I show you this engagement ring of emeralds and diamonds that Charlie Brown gave me?" "Oh, I have seen it before!" "Seen it before?" "Yes, when I was engaged to him last year."

Doodle had called on Miss Fluffy, and little brother Harry was left to entertain him prior to her appearance. Doodle: "Say, Harry, did your sister expect me this evening?" Harry: "Yes, I'm sure she did, 'cause this afternoon Fido died, and she said that misfortunes never come singly. Mamma asked her what she meant, and she said she expected you would come this evening and keep her awake half the night."

"I tell you, Mrs. Brown, that a woman can reform a man after she has married him," said Mrs. Dusenberry, with some emphasis. "Now, there's my John. There wasn't a wilder fellow than he was. He was hardly out of one scrape before he was into another: But when I married him he abandoned all his old follies. Didn't you, John?" "Yes, my dear," meekly replied Mr. Dusenberry; "my marriage to you was my last folly!"

"No man or angel could devise any plan for doing good which would please him. He always professes profound sympathy for the cause, but 'regrets' that this particular plan 'does not commend' his 'approval,' and hence, of course, he cannot give it. His mission in life is to put on the brakes—to prophesy evil—to discourage those who would help; and he is none the less zealous in his manner of life that it does not cost him a dollar." There are men like that brother in almost every community.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The frontispiece of the January *Century* is Cole's engraving of the head of Christ, by Giotto. Besides this engraving, in the series of "Old Italian Masters," there are four other large engravings. Another purely art feature is the article on the young American sculptor, Olin Warner, illustrated. Mrs. Foote's third picture of the Far West is a full page drawing called "The Sheriff's Posse." The articles by Mr. Charles DeKay, on Ireland, begin in this number, the first being entitled "Pagan Ireland," with illustrations. Mr. Wilson, the photographer, continues his illustrated series on the Holy Land. The present instalment is entitled "Round About Galilee." The Lincoln Life de la with Pope's Virginia Campaign, the battle of Antietam, and the announcement of Emancipation An illustrated article is on "The West Point of the Confederacy." The stories of the number are the continuation of Mrs. Catherwood's "Romance of Dollard," and of Mr. Cable's "Strange True Stories of Louisiana;" also "A Perverted Francoise," by A. C. Gordon, illustrated, and "An Old Man from the Old Country," also illustrated by Kemble. Colonel Auchmuty tells of "An American Apprentice System." Mr Frederic Remington, the artist, has an article entitled "Horses of the Plains." Mr. Kennan, in "The Life of Administrative Exiles," presents some of the most astounding facts gathered by him in Siberia. The poems and departments of "Topics of the Times," "Open Letters," and "Bric-a-Brac" furnish their usual variety of instructive and entertaining reading. The Century Co., publishers, N. Y.

As usual, *The Popular Science Monthly* is invaluable to all who wish to keep up with scientific progress. It opens with "The Guiding Needle on an Iron Ship," by T. A. Lyons, U. S. N., and an article on "House Drawings from Various Points of View," by Dr John S Billings of the U. S. A. Both of these articles are illustrated, and, while especially valuable to students, are nevertheless interesting to every one. Dr. G. S Barron has an article on "Town Life as a Cause of Degeneracy." W. H. Larrabee contributes a very interesting article on "Sea Lions and Fur Seals," which is illustrated: Grant Allen a discriminating article on "Genius and Talent;" Edward R Shaw one on "Inventional Geometry," which is illustrated; W. D Le Sueur, one on "Science and its Accuracies," called out by article recently published from the pen of M. Emile de Laveleye, the Belgian publicist, on "The Future of Religion," and by Frances Power Cobbe on "The Scientific Spirit of the Age;" Douglas W. Frishfield has an article on "The Suanetians and Their Homes," and Prof. S P Langley concludes his "History of a Doctrine." There is a sketch of Rev. Moses Ashley Curtis, and a portrait of this conscientious and able missionary, while the editorial and book department are as usual able and concise. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

The American Magazine for December opens with an illustrated article on "The Cathedral of New York," by S G. W. Benjamin, which will be most valuable to all who are interested in church architecture, and in the history of the erection of one of the most substantial buildings in New York, St. Patrick's. Wm. Elroy Curtis has an interesting article on "How People Live in Paraguay," and Wm. Hosea Ballou on "Picturesque West Michigan," both of which all lovers of travel will find entertaining. There is an unusual amount of fiction and verse, including a liberal instalment of Miss Tincknor's story, a short story by Ella W. Peattie, entitled "Christmas at Tin Cup," a comedy in one act, by Fannie Aymar Matthews, "An Apartment," and poems by Annie Eliot, Frank Dempster Sherman, Mary G Crocker and others. In addition, S. Frances Harrison has an article on "The Valley of St. Eustache," and Arthur Quarlton one on "American Watchmaking." The series of articles on "America's Crack Regiments" is continued, that of this month being devoted to the Twenty Second of New York. The usual editorial departments are ably filled with timely topics. The American Magazine Publishing Co., New York.

The St. Nicholas for January opens with a charming poem-story, by Tudor Jenks, entitled "The Pygmy Fleet," which is fully and amusingly illustrated. There are installments of "The Belle of Sta. Anne," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood; of "The Routine of the Republic," in which Edmund Alton is telling the young people the history of the country, and the conclusion of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's story, "Little St Elizabeth," which has so delighted the young people. There is a bit of a Christmas play for the children, entitled "Waiting for Santa Claus," and a most entertaining story of "In the Town of the Pied Piper," which Robert Browning has immortalized. These are but few of the good things that this model magazine offers the children, and which has by the taste displayed instructing as well as amusing the young people, become one of the most famous of America's publications. The Century Co., publishers, New York.

Ayer's Almanac for 1889, published by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., comes to us in the shape of a neat presentation book of about five hundred pages being made up of numerous editions catering for the latitudes of many lands. A score or more of nationalities are addressed in their own language in this volume. Ayer's Almanac, in its familiar yellow cover, has long been known.

SOME MAD INVENTORS

A WELL KNOWN journalist has taken some pains to examine into a number of curious schemes which have of late been the subjects of applications for patents at Washington.

In "Gulliver's Travels" Swift relates how an inventor proposed to extract sunshine from cucumbers.

The journalist tells us of a not less absurd candidate for fame and fortune who proposed to make illuminating gas by the process of "heating air red hot."

A patent has actually been granted for spiral anti-concussion springs for use on a mule's feet.

It is not at first glance quite obvious why any mule should need springs on its feet; but it appears that, during the late war, mules were extensively used as carriages for light field-guns. Occasionally the gun had to be fired from the mule's back much to the mule's discomfiture, which more than once had its legs broken by the force of the shock.

The spiral anti-concussion springs raise the animal eight inches from the ground, and enable the field-gun to be fired from the animal's back without breaking the animal's bones; but the whole operation is said to fill the mule with astonishment and make it "sea sick," and it is hard to believe that, in these peaceful times, the ingenious inventor can be making much money out of a device which, besides being in very little demand, does not altogether relieve the mule from inconvenience.

Another genius—not a highly educated one—has applied for a patent for "tying a weight, or a specific gravity to a cow's tail to keep her from switching it when you are milking." Unfortunately one cannot always have a "specific gravity" handy.

There is a patent for the application of stilts to that noble animal, the horse. These are adjustable and can be fastened to two legs of the animal on the same side, so as to raise that side.

Perhaps you don't see the use of them? They are to enable a horse to comfortably drag a plough on the side of a hill. There is also a patent for a "tapeworm trap," of which, perchance, it is as well not to give details.

It was a farmer who invented the horse stilts. A brother farmer proposes to provide each of a horse's fore feet with a kind of box, terminating beneath the hoof in a dibble. You fill the box with potatoes and drive your horse across a ploughed field.

The dibbles as they are driven into the ground, make holes, into which the potatoes automatically drop. The horse's hind hoofs tread down the earth into the holes; and, behold! your field is sowed with potatoes in no time.

A man who is not a farmer has an invention for building a house on a pivot, so that its windows may be made to follow the course of the sun. You can thus have sunshine into your room all day long. This patent has nearly expired. People, therefore, who think of adopting the device should wait a little. They will not then be obliged to pay a royalty.

Another invention connected with house building is the anti-earthquake spring. A house built on such a spring cannot, it is asserted, be upset or even seriously damaged by even the most violent earthquake; but it would, perhaps, sway inconveniently during a high wind.

NEGRO BELIEFS.—Burn old shoes and the snakes will squirm away from that place.

Shoes must never be put on a shelf higher than the head of the wearer.

To keep shoes, even if they are past wearing, will keep good luck right about a place.

If you stub the right toe you will be welcomed; if you unfortunately stub the left toe, then you may know that you are not wanted.

Burnt shoe soles and feathers are good to cure a cold in the head say old aunties, and parched shoe soles and hogs' hoofs is a good mixture also for coughs.

The older dusky maids believe that when their shoes come untied, and keep coming untied, it is a true sign that their sweethearts are talking and thinking about them.

Good luck to the child who draws on her stocking wrong side out. If she takes it off before twelve o'clock she may feel assured of getting a nice present.

A more absurd fancy is the belief that when any one accidentally spits on the old shoes a child wears, this gives assurance that the child will soon have brand new foot gear.

SEVERAL young ladies of Mount Vernon, among them a few normal college graduates who have no taste for school-teaching, recently concluded to organize a debating society for mental training as well as winter-evening pastime, and appointed an evening to debate the question: "Is life worth living without a beau?" As none of those "dear girls" could be persuaded to take the affirmative the debate was deferred, and it was agreed to extend the limit of age of unmarried women to 40 years. The question of debate will be taken up when a few more members are added.

SOME people think black is the color of heaven, and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight, the more evidence they have of grace.

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder is universally known and everywhere esteemed as the only Powder that will improve the complexion, eradicate tan, freckles, and all skin diseases.

MARRIAGE ADVERTISEMENTS.

MATRIMONIAL advertisements are nearly always interesting and often very curious and amusing.

Cases have been heard of in which both men and women have found their fate through the happy medium of an advertisement; but it is hard to resist the suspicion that most announcements of this kind are inserted "for the fun of the thing," and without any serious purpose.

Nearly every man who advertises for a wife demands a pretty one, and a well-dowered one; and it is usually the gentlemen who have the least money of their own who are most anxious to correspond with ladies who are looked upon with favor by their bankers.

"Don't marry for money; but go where money is," is their significant motto.

Some matrimonial advertisements are very grave and serious, as befits the matter in hand, as thus:

"A Highlander wants a wife. A good fortune would be no serious objection. He has $3500 a year from business."

There is something delightfully Scotch about the intimation that there would be "no serious objections" to a little money. As, a rule, however, advertisements of this kind are facetious when they are not obviously extravagant. Here is a very fair example of this kind of thing:

"I flatter myself that I am a gentleman. I have not a penny; I am twenty-eight; dark, five feet and seven and a half inches in height; fond of every amusement in life; and generally liked. Would any lady, not too old and ugly, and of good fortune, care to marry me? Need I add that I should prefer a young and pretty wife?"

Some very splendid heiresses seemed to experience a most unaccountable difficulty in finding husbands if we are to believe all that these ladies say of themselves. Here is an instance in point:

"An heiress, aged twenty-one, tall, fair, beautiful golden hair, accomplished, fond of riding and driving, wishes to hear from a gentleman or a gentleman. She has about $500 000 in her own right.

The "about" is delicious. Dazzling though this advertisement be, it is altogether eclipsed by a gentleman who is on the high road to become a millionaire:

"A north-country merchant, worth a quarter of a million of money, strictly honorable, and who intends, if possible to enter Parliament, wishes to correspond with a lady under thirty, possessing ample means and of good social position. Strict investigation required on both sides."

The merchant would have been an admirable match for the heiress with $500 000.

THE EFFECTS OF CHANGE.—The water which crowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice.

The bullet, which when fired from a gun, carries death, will be harmless if ground to a powder before being fired.

The crystalized part of the oil of roses, so graceful in its fragrance—solid at ordinary temperature, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets.

The tea which we daily drink with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself as theine, not as tea, without any appreciable effects.

The water which will allay our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow; so that it is stated by explorers of the Artic regions that "the natives prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water.

Nevertheless though, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water; when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.

A QUEEN'S LIFE.—"To me it is to pray," says a good old Latin proverb. To labor is also to lead a wholesome and natural life. The Queen of Sweden, who for some years has been in an unsatisfactory state of health, has been ordered by her physicians to try the effect of plenty of hard work, and it is reported that she derives great benefit from the prescription.

She has to rise early, make her own bed, and dust and sweep her room. She has to take a sharp walk before breakfast, and afterwards she has to do manual work in her garden. All day she is kept constantly employed, and at night; when she goes to bed, she is as tired as any of her servants.

This process of cure is known as "The Chambermaid treatment." We commend the treatment to all women who don't feel quite up to the mark.

A COMMITTEE of Berlin ladies recently presented the Empress Victoria Augusta with a white silk apron on which the names of the Empress' five young sons are worked. The Empress, in acknowledging the gift, said that she was honored by the present, for an apron was always the symbol of a true German housewife. And then, putting the apron on she said: "My husband desires me always to wear an apron; he says it looks more homely."

DON'T IRRITATE YOUR LUNGS with a Stubborn Cough, when a safe and certain remedy can be had in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

FORCED BY THE STATE TO MARRY.—The unyielding quality of European official red tape, compared with which the domestic article is a mollicity itself, is well illustrated by the enforcement of a rule of the Danish state railways regulating the employment of guards at crossings.

Every one who has traveled in the north of Europe has noticed the enormous number of guard houses along the railroads and the fact that women usually signal the trains. As a measure of economy man and wife are employed by the state, the former as track walker and the latter as guard. The rules specify the relationship to exist between these two classes of employes and rules are made to be obeyed.

When it happens that either dies, the survivor has just six weeks in which to find another partner. Neglect to do so is disobedience, punished with dismissal. The employment of brother, sister, or servant to fill the vacancy is not allowed. The guard or track walker must marry in six weeks or leave.

A case of the kind occurred recently near the old town of Kibe on the German frontier. The stricken widower petitioned the government to allow him an extra week or two, alleging that his work of walking all day along the railroad track did not give him a chance to look for a wife; but his request was refused as in itself an infraction of discipline.

The hapless widower had only six days of grace left, but he did not want to lose his job, and went skirmishing with such energy that before the end of the fifth he had a new wife flagging the trains.

EQUILIBRIUM OF THE SEXES.—In Europe there is a greater excess of women in the north than in the states of middle Europe and the east, in some of which the women are in the minority. Through Europe, as a whole, the number of women is very definitely in excess of that of the men, and the excess appears to be increasing. It was very great after the Napoleonic wars; then the numbers gradually tended towards equality, and nearly reached it (1847 to 1850, 1,009 to 1000); then they diverged again, and stood in 1870 1 037 to 1000. The phases of increased difference are generally observable after wars, and, latterly, appear to be the result partly of the enormous emigration which has taken place to other quarters of the earth.

In America, as a whole, and in Australia and Africa, on the other hand, whither this emigration with its preponderance of males is tending, the men are in excess, and the excess is increasing with the constant arrival of new parties of emigrants. Nevertheless, a near approach to equality prevails over the earth as a whole, and this whether we regard the white, black, or red races, or their mixtures.

HOT FLANNEL.—A most ingenious device was lately resorted to by a lady who required relays of flannels, wrung out in water of a higher temperature than her hands would bear, for the benefit of a patient who had been ordered hot fomentations. She took a square yard of flannel and packed it into one of those useful potato mashers, which are now so much used, then she poured boiling water upon it until the flannel was thoroughly saturated, and then squeezed the flannel as if it had been potatoes, with the result that the water poured through the little holes, and the flannel, deprived of every drop of running fluid, was as hot as possible, and ready for use. We record the act for the benefit of our readers. It is simplicity itself, and a very clever and useful idea. Truly, necessity is the mother of invention.

INEXHAUSTIBLE good nature is the most precious gift of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS
FERRIS' Pat.
Ring Buckle at Hip for Hose Supporters.
Tape-fastened Buttons
Cord-Edge Button Holes.
Best Materials throughout.
FIT ALL ages.
BEST with Health, Comfort, Wear, and Finish.
Children 50 .70 .75
Misses .70 .75 .80 .85
Young Ladies 1.00 1.10
Ladies 1.00 1.20 1.50 1.75 2.00
Buttons FRONT instead of Clasps.
Mailed Free on receipt of price.
Send for Circular.

For sale by all Leading Retailers,
FERRIS BROS., Mfrs.
341 Broadway, N. Y.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO, Wholesale Western Agts.
FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING CORSET AND DRY GOODS STORES IN PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

THE COQUETTE.

Rather inclined to be pretty,
Rather inclined to be good;
Rather inclined to a vague, undefined
Feeling of sweet sisterhood
Toward the young fellows who love her:
When they have asked for her hand,
Rather inclined to a vague, undefined
Feeling they don't understand.

Fact is, this maiden can't help it—
Natural born coquette—
Rather inclined not to make up her mind
To marry—that is, not just yet.
Sister she'll be to them all, and
Loving and faithful and true;
Rather inclined round her finger to wind
About—say a dozen or two.

—U. N. Nonn.

Cannibalism—Feeding a baby with its pap.

Although the bass drum doesn't make good music, it drowns a heap of bad.

There are certain kinds of business which require great talent to carry on, and much intelligence to get out of.

The man who "shot at random," not hitting it, has since lent his ride to the youth who aimed at immortality.

A little girl was heard to wish the other day, "that she was a boy, so she could swear when she dropped her books in the mud."

Occasionally a Boston woman condescends to run a sewing machine, but you may be sure she uses nothing but refined oil.

After the mother had given the little 5-year-old a bath, she looked up and said: "Mamma, be sure and wipe me dry so I won't rust."

Condemned criminal: "Mr. Sheriff, will you see that my body is accorded decent burial?" Sheriff, coldly: "I'll see you hanged first."

All things come around to him who waits, including a bald head, false teeth and ear trumpets, and heaps of miscellaneous trouble.

Probably there is nothing in the world that a man resents so quickly and so deeply as to find you exceedingly busy when he is perfectly at leisure.

Young wife, at a ball: "You are improving wonderfully as a dancer. Don't you remember how you used to tear my dresses?" Young husband: "Yes; I wasn't buying 'em then."

Tom: "Got a toothache? Why don't you have it out?" Bob. "Well, I don't mind having a leg off, but a tooth—" Tom: "Well, have a leg off, then; it will take your mind off the tooth."

Bride of a month: "We must not forget the Goodharts, Alfred. If it had not been for their Christmas party last year we should never have met and married." Bridegroom of ditto. "Nonsense, my dear! They didn't mean any harm."

A beggar was pursuing his calling in the street. "Are you not ashamed," asked a passer-by, "to follow a trade like that when you are able to work?" "Sir," replied the beggar, haughtily, "I was money, not advice, that I asked you for!"

"You say you aren't getting along very well in your courtship, Bromley. What's the trouble, a cross dog?" "No." "An irate father?" "No." "A younger brother who hides behind the sofa?" "No, Darringer. It's an older sister, who hasn't sense enough to retire."

Daughter, somewhat elderly: "Mamma, I think Mr. Simpson intends to propose to-night." Mother: "Oh, I hope he will! He is desirable in every way." "If he does, mamma, ought I to be a little reserved and distant—just at first, you know?" "No, dear; I don't think you had better run any risks!"

Obedient boy: "Mamma, may I speak?" "You know that you must not talk at table." "May I not say just one thing?" "No, my boy. When papa has read his paper you may speak." Papa reads through his paper and says kindly: "Now, child, what is it?" "I only wanted to say that the water pipe in the bath-room had burst."

"No, sir," said a pompous little merchant, "I can't be trifled with. I know the world: I've been through it." "Yes, I suppose so," said the man to whom these remarks were addressed. "I'm a self-made man; entirely self-made. What do you think of that, sir?" "Well, it strikes me you might have done a deal better to let out the contract."

Deacon Williams: "Brudder Jones, how did yer son come outen de trial?" Brother Jones: "De jedge done give him two months in the jarul." Deacon Williams: "'Pears to me like as if you oughter be pow'ful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did." Brother Jones. "'Twan't a light as you seem ter think. Dey's a-gwinter hang 'im when the two months is up."

There was a company of the local militia went on marching order parade, and the color sergeant inspected the ranks before the officer and checked a man for having a dirty haversack. The officer went round then and checked the same man for having a dirty face. The color sergeant, not exactly catching the officer's words, said: "Yes, sir; I checked him before for it. He has not washed it since he had it served out to him."

Old man: "If I give my daughter to you, young man, where will you take her?" Young man: "Well—er—I thought perhaps we might stay here with you until I can get things straightened out a bit." Old man: "H-m, yes; I had quite overlooked that easy solution of the difficulty; but my house is very small." Young man: "Ye-es, I thought of that, too; but the idea occurred to me that possibly the house could be enlarged."

THE surest and purest liniment in the market is Salvation Oil. It kills pain. Price 25 c.

A NATIONAL dispenser of happiness is a 25 cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

WESTERN ENTERPRISE.—A party of drummers resting over New Year's were seated in the corridor of a leading hotel this morning discussing the characteristics of different towns they visited.

Said one: "The meanest town in the West is in northern Kansas. While I was there last month they found the dead body of an unknown man in the streets. In his pockets were $100 and a revolver. Instead of taking the money and giving him a decent burial, they arraigned him under the name of Richard Roe, fined him $100 for carrying concealed weapons and buried him in the potter's field in an old pine box."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says: "Many years ago, in walking among the graves at Auburn, I came upon a plain, upright white marble slab, which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored descriptions on the surrounding monuments: 'She was so pleasant.' This was all, and it was enough. That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew and asked nothing more."

FREE

$85 Solid Gold Watch, Sold for $100, until lately. Best $50 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 30 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 761, Portland, Maine.

FREE

SEA-SALT SOAP

Possesses the tonic, purifying properties of a sea-bath, curing all local skin and scalp diseases, pimples, blotches, eczema, tetter, chafing, etc. It is made from perfectly pure materials and is most healing and invigorating to the skin, keeping it in a fresh, clean and healthy condition. Sold by druggists and fancy goods dealers, or sent by mail one cake for 25 cts. or three for 60 cts. by the proprietors.

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
832 Washington St., New York.

TAKE PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.

PRICE 25 CENTS. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

GOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Very pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. Sold by druggists everywhere.

100 Popular Songs and Hits, catalogue 10c; 3 books 25c. Thurber & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

115 4 papers assorted sample cards, all 10c. SHARP'S NEEDLES 10 Darning, 9 Toilet, 20 new Novelty Co., Clintonville, Ct.

RUPTURE.—Dr. J. E. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila.—Dear Sir: My boy Walter, I am glad to say, is perfectly cured. We removed the support in Oct. '87, and as active as he is there is no sign of the rupture. You have certainly the secret of curing rupture. Rev. S. H. Shermer, Sunbury, Pa.

SINGERS find Piso's Cure for Consumption THE BEST remedy for hoarseness and to clear the throat.

FINEST Card Sample Book ever sent out 5 cents. Star Importing Co., Cadiz, O.

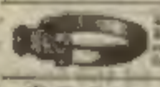
99 Sample Styles of Hidden Name and Fancy Cards, Agent's Outfit, Premium List, Game and Trick, Cards, 10c.

SEE HERE! Why not save one half on 1000 useful articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Photos 20 Lovely full length Beauties, only 10c; 60 for 25c. Thurber & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &c.

4 PACKS OF CARDS FREE. One Pack May I O U Home Cards, One Pack Hold to Light Cards, one Pack Secret Cards, one Pack Flirtation Cards, all free if you send 2 cents for Sample Book of Fashion Cards. Eagle Card Works, Cadiz, O.



BEST OFFER YET. For 10 cents we will send you this Nose Ring, the Sensation Card Case, Puzzle Whistle, with which you can imitate any bird, and your Book of Fashion Cards. Address, BAXTER CARD CO., Cadiz, Ohio.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

ORATORS and that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.

PENSIONS $80,000,000 for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. IF No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet Free! PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

THE POET'S PUZZLE.

Pray, give me a rhyme for Prescription,
A rhyme of most any description.
I have puzzled my brain,
Several minutes in vain,
For a list of new rhymes for Prescription.

"Faith," said Bridget (and her ruby lips shone),
"That illegant Favorite Prescription!
Sure, it saved the dear life
Of me first cousin's wife,
"Tis the truth, and no bit of deception."

Quoth Rachel, the student, "Prescription?"
"Tis as easy to rhyme as Egyptian.
On every one's tongue
Its praises are sung,
With neither bad rhymes nor ellipsion."

"Yes," said grandma, "Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Does good without any exception:
That sickly Jane Gray
Has tried it, they say,
And it cured her of nerves and conniption."

WARRANTED.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and delicate derangements, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Few remedies possess the wonderful virtues necessary to sustain themselves under such a peculiar system of business as being sold under absolute guaranty.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS.

They are the Original Little Liver Pills. Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless. As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!

ONE PELLET A DOSE! SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

Co-operation Reduces Cost
A Watch for $38
Fully EQUAL for Accuracy, Durability, Appearance and Service, to any $75.00 Watch.
Philadelphia's building associations have done much toward building it up and making it the city of homes. The same system of co-operation carefully & economically managed, has built up The Keystone Watch Club Co until they are now selling more Watches to consumers than all others combined. They handle only the
Keystone Dust-proof Watch
which is deservedly regarded as the crown and climax of Pennsylvania's manufactures. This Watch contains every essential to an accurate timekeeper, and many important improvements patented by the Company. They are Dust and Damp Proof, a quality possessed by no other movement in the world. Jeweled with genuine rubies. Patent Stem Wind & Set, strongest and simplest. Sold through authorized agents at $38.00. Either all cash down or $1.00 per week.
An Ajax Watch Insulator given free with each Watch.
Keystone Watch Club Co
Main Office in Company's Own Building,
904 Walnut St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA
Agents Wanted
AJAX
Watch Insulator,
$2.00
A perfect protection against magnetism. Fit any watch. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
We refer to any Commercial Agency
OUR
$10 14-Karat Gold Filled CHAIN
is guaranteed to wear 20 Years, and is 33⅓ 14-Karat Solid Gold
Look for the stamp of K. W. C. Co. 14 K. F. D. and buy the BEST.
904
WALNUT ST.
PHILA.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it seems steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, Philadelphia.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Fine faced cloth is even more used than it was last winter. Amongst the best shades are a soft greyish-blue, a warm terra-cotta and a dark myrtle-green.

Green is, without doubt, the favorite color just now, and of its many tones the dark-blue greens carry off the palm. Lovely bullion braids are especially made to match these cloths, the color of the latter being mixed with some contrasting shade and a little gold.

A very complete costume was in dark green; the (now almost inevitable) Directoire coat opening over a few plain pleats in which the skirt was mounted. The small vest, cuffs, and the narrow pocket lapels, were prettily braided, and an outlining of the braid gave an effective finish to the edge of the revers, and of the long fronts which were lined throughout with cloth. These also matched the cloth and braid exactly.

At the back the skirts were simply gathered on to the point of the bodice, then each gather was lightly caught up once to give a little extra fulness, and the whole was supported by a small roll, only just large enough to set out the gathers.

To go with this dress there was a coat in the same cloth, lined entirely with squirrel, and showing a line of braid at its edges. It was quite close-fitting and perfectly plain.

Another costume, in soft powder-blue, with plain panels, handsomely braided in one corner, and with draperies falling over them in lines which followed the curve of the braiding. The plain gold braid, on a somewhat bright claret red, had a narrow edging of the red.

A fawn cloth, trimmed with a braid in which oxydised silver, copper, and gold harmonized in a wonderful way, had two bodices, or rather a bodice and a jacket, the latter being trimmed with beaver, and was chiefly remarkable for the ingenuity displayed in making the skirt arrangements hook on to this jacket, which, though it could be arranged quite separately, by this means seemed to be part and parcel of this gown.

Black cashmeres, especially those embroidered in lengths, are much worn also. One, powdered all over with a small flower and with wide borders made up prettily, and a cashmere serge made with a moire vest was supplied with others in lines or in colors, arranged to fit over the silk one; the passementerie ornaments at the throat concealing the fact that each was not sewn into the neck band.

In evening toilettes is seen a handsome dinner gown, composed of grey-blue velvet brocade, with a ground of the same color, and a bold Louis XV. design, and a white lisse delicately embroidered in a sort of lattice pattern.

The petticoat, of shrimp pink satin, was draped with the lisse, over which come long narrow side panels of the brocade. Revers of the same also edged the train, which was mounted in great gathers. The square cut velvet bodice was made with a high square collar of brocade, rolled over at the back.

The velvet fronts were short, and in the coat form, show a brocade under bodice, across which came a few folds of the shrimp satin. The full lace sleeves, finished by a straight band of velvet, were partly concealed by small velvet over-sleeves, which, coming from under the arm, met, showing a V of the lace, and then were cut away again.

For a young lady, a charming frock was in fine white lisse, embroidered in pink, and made up over pale pink, with a very broad white moire sash. The lisse bodice had loose Zouave fronts, with a small vest of white moire framed in by full folds of lisse.

In silk materials the newest are bright armures, which are delightfully sheeny, and look so much brighter than the dull silks generally used of late. Those in black are sometimes broadly striped with satin, the armure having a brocaded floral design, and the satin edge being broken with a little fanciful bordering.

A handsome dress might be made of a white armure with a yellow stripe, and a conventional design running over the whole. The plain brocaded armure is quite new, and looks charming with its pretty granulated surface.

For the skirts of smart morning gowns there are new Surahs, rather heavier in make than heretofore, with a small stripe formed in the weaving. This stripe is marked by a double line of velvet, and, in the case of a rich brown Surah, a little white flower. A plain eau de Nil had a dark velvet line, with small spots of the same on either side.

The most striking features in the newest French bonnets would seem to be that they consist of two portions—the principal part or bonnet proper, and a sort of coronet or band fitting the head, on which the former rests. Of course, this is a bald description of an elementary complication.

A large one, in black velvet, with low crown and flat, broad brim, very small at the back, and standing well up from the face, was apparently only connected with the front of pink velvet by spotted tulle, which came in full, soft folds right to the upper edge of the black velvet. The pink was of a lovely new shade, but quite indescribable.

A novel effect was produced by small gilt pins with jet heads, placed about an inch apart all around the brim. A prettily arranged rosette of pink under the brim, and two or three pink tips curling over it completed this charming headdress.

In another of smaller dimensions and more close-fitting shape, the narrow brims widened towards the front, and were curved upwards, as though to make room for the puffings of velvet, which were held in the centre by a long, very narrow jet buckle. The velvet was dark green, and there were feathers of the same color.

The rest was covered with Sicilienne of a greenish-grey tone, and this at the back was drawn into five fan-like folds, each sewn for a few inches to keep it well in place.

Cloth and velvet are often used together, and look very soft and pretty.

A bonnet, with pale grey cloth crown and and dark lime-green velvet front, was trimmed with birds with delicate grey and white plumage. They were arranged with their tail feathers erect, and two of their heads nestled in the velvet folds.

Birds also appeared on a bonnet formed on the homely Tam o'Shanter, the full crown of which was in fawn felt.

It is curious to trace some far-off resemblance to well-known or national head-gear in a few of the latest of Dame Fashion's freaks. An eccentric little arrangement in deep red brick velvet reminds one of a Turkish fez, inasmuch that it had no brim, only a small crown and deep round band. These were plainly covered in the velvet except for three neat little rolls around the edge.

Mother-of-pearl facets play an important part in many of the trimmings which are intended for bordering, being the principal part of floral designs on fine crocheted silver and gold cords. Laurel leaves, so well worn during the Empire epoch, appear frequently in this style of ornamentation.

A particularly handsome garniture is a convolvulus, with flowers and leaves in relief, made in tinsel threads of red and gold, showing very fine work.

Festoons of fine cord and mother-of-pearl are used on the front of low bodices, with folds of crepe lisse filling in the interstices of each scallop, a style becoming to the bust. The French dressmakers use all these charily, but make an enormous effect with very little. Nothing is so fatal to a good style of dress as overdoing its trimmings.

For mantles long stole pieces have been brought out intended to be placed as borders on the long sleeves which reach to the feet. These often take the form of circles of silk cords, out of which springs some floral design, which connects it with the next.

Braces for dresses and mantles are also worn. A good design is a succession of of triple laurel leaves.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLE WORK.

We were shown the other day a quaint drawing-room work-bag which struck us as being a very original idea, and which some of the readers of THE POST might feel inclined to imitate.

It was made of an ordinary campstool, the legs or framework having been treated with the popular pale blue enamel. The piece of carpet which forms the seat was covered on both sides with pale blue cashmere to match the wood-work, and a piece of cashmere rather more than a quarter of a yard deep, was neatly attached all round, and about three inches from the top drawn in by blue satin ribbons formed a heading above the bag.

This idea could of course be carried out in any material, but we think it would be an improvement if the lining were of a different color, as the contrast in the deep heading would be more effective.

This is a very compact little article, for besides being light to carry about the room, it can, when not in use be folded up like an ordinary camp-stool, and consequently takes very little space.

Another pretty novelty which we saw recently was a photograph stand made of thick cardboard, covered with dark terra-cotta colored plush, upon which was painted in oils a group of poppies and corn with two or three butterflies. It had two spaces in which either photographs, small water-color sketches or engravings could be inserted, and was made either to hang on the wall or stand on a table.

When we saw it there were two very pretty water-colors in the spaces; and although it is equally well-adapted for photographs, yet we think the sketches were much more effective, and a change from the numerous photographs which one sees and which are always cold and colorless.

Among other articles painted in oils we noticed a tea-cozy ornamented with daffodils and yellow butterflies, and one of the new sack-shaped cushions; there were also some very pretty blotting-cases, etc.

A novelty in needle work which has just made its appearance is called "the ribbon work." The foundations for this is often satin, and the designs are delicate festoons of small flowers tied with ribbon bows, with occasionally other devices, such as a basket, a harp, or birds introduced. For this work a frame must first be used.

Many of the scrolls, stems, and ribbon bows are worked in fine silk in what is known as tambor-stitch; but the little flowers are all made of the very narrowest China ribbon in different colors, and sometimes the ribbon itself is shaded, which gives a pretty effect.

To do this kind of work, a particular kind of needle is required with an eye large enough to take the ribbon; and it is necessary to use a stiletto to guide and keep it from twisting while going through; the materials are rather expensive, but as it is so very pretty and superior looking, we expect it will so become popular.

Pieces of this work are prepared for the panels of Louis XV. screens, and also for cushions and sachets.

A piece which we saw commenced was on very pale sea-green satin, the design being festoons of small flowers shaped like forget-me-nots, but made in various colored ribbons, and from the festoons hung baskets full of flowers, the baskets being worked in plaited stitch; a few small and brightly colored birds were also introduced in embroidery and tambor stitch.

The whole effect was simply elegant; and when finished and mounted in a white and gold frame, it will be a charming addition to any drawing-room.

Another very rich kind of embroidery is upon silk, which being besides brocaded is sometimes shot. An elaborate pattern is traced upon this, and worked in silks, numerous stitches being introduced according to the taste of the worker.

Very often some of the new chenilles and foreign cords, of which there are so many varieties, are used for outlining as well as gold and silver thread.

A large piece on the back of a sofa on pale vieux rose satin had a conventional design worked in shades of white and gray silks, and outlined in the new untarnishable aluminium cord.

It was very handsome, and was designed and worked especially for a silver wedding present, and will undoubtedly be much admired.

A berceaunette corner in the same style which was also shown me, was of cream-colored brocaded silk, having small rosebuds embroidered in pale pink, the simplicity of the pattern, being admirably suited for the purpose for which it was intended.

We have seen one of the handkerchief sachets completed. It was most exquisitely embroidered and finished off with cord.

A HEARTLESS man, the father of a family, a taxpayer, and a member of the church, who ought to know better, did a mean thing last Sunday night. His daughter and the particular young man came home from church, and of course "he" just dropped in for one moment, and when the young people entered the parlor the gas was all turned up, and there on the back of the big rocking chair they read a staring placard, "Two in one, you can't." And the young man said he always did hate mathematics.

"I LISTENED yesterday to my own voice in a phonograph," remarked the snake editor this morning, "and I would not recognise it as my own if I had not known. People do not know what their own voices sound like until they hear them in that wonderful machine." "In that case," remarked the horse editor, "it would be a good idea to make a lot of our public singers sample their own music. It might make them quit."

Confidential Correspondents.

M. A. B.—The letters "AEI" in rings, lockets, etc., are a Greek word, signifying "ever," or "always."

A. W.—We do not recommend anyone to select literature as a means of living, unless gifted with some special talent for it, in some particular branch.

IGNORANT.—If true that in "gentleman's company you are very objectionable," we advise you to remain at home when your family go out amongst their friends.

CATHERINE.—Purchase a work on the culture of flowers. An acorn, suspended by a thread over water, changed about once a month, will gradually expand into a miniature oak-tree.

ANXIOUS.—We cannot possibly undertake to tell you what a young gentleman may mean who is paying you attention,—you know him: we do not. You must wait for time to show.

GUATIMOZIN.—The common-sense treatment for sprains of all sorts is to rest the part where they occur. This is particularly difficult to do in the case of the thumb, and there is no injury which is more troublesome, considering the amount of discomfort caused by a comparatively trifling complaint. You must rest the joint, and so had better keep the hand in a sling. Paint all round the injured part with iodine night and morning.

REGINA.—The gentleman should always be introduced to the lady, not the lady to the gentleman; when the sexes are the same, present the inferior to the superior. The etiquette observed is to take the gentleman to the lady, who, if seated, does not rise, and say "Allow me to introduce Mr. Smith—Miss Jones, Mr. Smith," whereupon both bow, but do not shake hands, the introducer retires, and the introduced enter into conversation.

CHECKERS.—In playing a game of checkers, a king, and also a man, must take his opponent's checker. If he should fail to do so, his adversary has a right to remove the man or king. In the event of a player purposely placing one of his pieces to be taken, he can compel his opponent to take the man, providing there is not another piece which he can remove from the board, in which case the adversary has his choice as to the one he shall take.

TORRINGTON.—Versification in poetry is regulated by certain rules given in the books, which should be followed as far as possible; but a slight deviation here and there, by what is called a "poetic license," is allowable, though it should be indulged in as little as possible. If you study the works of the great masters of rhythm, such as Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth, you will find that they adhere for the most part to the rules laid down.

WILMER L.—The simplest way of making butter scotch is as follows: Rub a saucepan with good butter, and put into it a pound of brown sugar, and two tablespoonsful of water. Set it over a slow fire, and boil it till the sugar has turned into a smooth, rich syrup; then stir in half a pound of good butter, and boil for half an hour. Try it by dropping a little on to a plate; when it dries crisp and hard it is done. Pour it into a thoroughly buttered flat dish. It should be nearly an inch thick when cold. 2. The writing is very good.

BROKENHEARTED.—It is very difficult to advise you, and we should not like to do so unless we knew a good deal more about the circumstances of the case. Of course, as you are a right-minded girl, you will feel that your father has the first claim upon you, especially if you are his only daughter and live with him. We would not persuade you to marry against his wish; but if there is no fault to be found with your betrothed, we think it hardly likely that on your father being consulted he would stand in the light of your happiness.

RHADUM.—Vulcanite is a compound of India-rubber and sulphur: exactly the same material as is used in making ordinary elastic bands with the difference that in hardening the compound more time is occupied with the one than the other. To prepare it as sold in the form of combs, the India-rubber is put into a masticator, together with a proper proportion of sulphur, and when thoroughly mixed a sufficient quantity is put into a mould of the shape required, made of a material that will not combine with sulphur, or plaster of Paris, and exposed in a steam boiler to a heat of 315 degrees, and a pressure of about 12 lbs. to the inch for two hours. It is then removed from the mould and finished. It is polished in exactly the same way as ivory.

TOM, BROWN.—You ask the origin of the phrase "to send one to Coventry." It is said that the term is taken from the English army, where the custom has been in use for so long a time that there is no record of its beginning. It is the method adopted by soldiers for making a disgraced comrade feel his punishment more acutely, or of avenging some violation of the code of honor which is not reached by the disciplinary laws of the regiment. One authority gives the derivation of the custom and phrase as follows: "The citizens of Coventry had at one time so great a dislike to soldiers that a woman open up asking to one was regarded as outside the pale of respectable society ever after. No intercourse was ever allowed between the garrison and the town; hence, when a man was sent to Coventry he was cut off from all social enjoyments." Another authority finds the origin of the phrase in the fact that during the Civil Wars the Parliamentary party used Coventry as a stronghold, and that all troublesome and refractory Royalists were sent there for safe custody.

M. J. S.—The manufacture of ice is carried on to a great extent at the present time in hot countries, and the machine generally adopted is one of American make in which ammonia is used. A saturated solution of ammonia is introduced into the boiler, and the freezer is placed in a cold bath. Heat sufficient to produce a pressure of five or six atmospheres is applied to the boiler, which expels the gas from the water in which it is dissolved, and forces it into the annular compartment of the freezer, where it is condensed by its own pressure, aided by the cool bath, along with about one-tenth its weight of water. When sufficient ammonia has been condensed, which is shown by the pressure indicated by a gauge, the boiler itself is placed in a cold bath; the cylinder containing the water to be frozen is placed in the inner compartment of the freezer, and to insure contact the interstice is filled with alcohol. As the boiler cools, the pressure which has been produced by heat is gradually removed, and the liquid ammonia in the freezer becomes vaporized, producing an intense degree of cold. In a little more than an hour a block of ice may be frozen.